The Countess of Bosborough Del.

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MINOR MORALS,

INTERSPERSED WITH SKETCHES OF

NATURAL HISTORY,

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES,

AND

ORIGINAL STORIES.

BY

CHARLOTTE SMITH,

AUTHOR OF RURAL WALKS AND RAMBLES FARTHER.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY H. COLBERT, NO. 136,
CAPEL-STREET.

1800.

Ch.800/189.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

Lady Caroline Ponſonby.

MADAM,

THE flattering opinion expreſſed by Lady Beſborough of a former work of this ſort, (for the two laſt volumes of which I was permitted to ſolicit the peculiar favour of Lady Georgiana Cavendiſh), and the beautiful drawing from which the plate is engraved, being a kindneſs, among many others, that I owe to your mother, theſe little volumes ſeem to have a particular claim to your protection. Should they be found not wholly unworthy of that advantage, and capable of affording you either information or amuſement, it will be highly gratifying to,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obliged and faithful ſervant,

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

LONDON,
June, 1798.

MINOR MORALS,

AND

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SOPHIA, Fanny, Mary, and Louiſa Harland were left to the care of their Aunt, Mrs. Belmour, their mother's ſiſter, when the eldeſt was twelve, the ſecond eleven, the third nine, and the youngeſt ſeven years old.

Lionel and Julius, their brothers, reſided alſo occaſionally with them during the holidays, and in ſummer they were ſometimes allowed to go to their father's ſeat in the country; but Mrs. Belmour, in undertaking the charge of her four nieces, had ſtipulated to have them wholly with her. Their father was a man immerſed in purſuits and pleaſures of his own, and was not unwilling to have any trouble that related to the education of his daughters taken off his hands.

During the lingering illneſs of their mother, Sophy had been placed at ſchool; but her Aunt had reſolved to finiſh her education

education under her own eye with the reſt—not becauſe ſhe had any prejudices againſt ſchools, but becauſe ſhe thought it more prudent to accuſtom Sophy at once to more moderate views of her future life than thoſe ſhe might acquire among young women, ſome of whom had titles, and many very large fortunes, but alſo learn to ſuperintend her younger ſiſters, who might one day be almoſt wholly dependent on her care.

Sophy was not inſenſible of the trouble her Aunt undertook for them all, and loved her with great affection; but there were many faults in the manner of her eldeſt niece which Mrs. Belmour wiſhed to correct. She had a coldneſs and indolence about her which appeared like pride: it was very difficult to rouſe her to any exertion, and when ſhe was incited to it, ſhe had no perſeverance; the ſlighteſt difficulty diſcouraged her. And if any of her young friends were reputed to do any thing, among the acquirements expected of them, better than ſhe did, ſuch preference, inſtead of calling forth emulation, only occaſioned her to be diſcontented with herſelf. The effect of this was, that fearing ſhe might not attain a ſuperiority, ſhe did very little; and though nothing is more amiable than diffidence in a very young perſon, yet there is a ſpecies of it that, ariſing from

falſe

falſe pride, is very likely to degenerate into a ſort of ſullen and ſilent envy, and, by embittering the temper, makes whoſoever indulges it uneaſy in themſelves, and diſagreeable to others.

Mrs. Belmour did every thing therefore in her power to counteract this diſpoſition in her elder niece; but there were ſeveral circumſtances that contributed to give an appearance of languor, and occaſionally of diſcontent, to the manners of Sophy.

She could not help regretting the change in her way of life.—Accuſtomed to a coach, to the half-yearly change from an elegant houſe in town to a large manor-houſe in the country, ſituated in the midſt of a park, where ſhe uſed to hear of nothing but tenants and game-keepers, park-keepers and dependents; ſhe was now reſident the whole year at a pleaſant but ſmall houſe in a village near London, where ſuch an eſtabliſhment as Mrs. Belmour, who kept only three maids and a footman, was but little conſidering among the rich citizens who reſided in the ſame place.

Sophy was no longer looked up to as *Miſs Harland*, a perſon of conſequence. All the young people ſhe aſſociated with now, were of as much, and many of more conſequence than herſelf.

Her Aunt, who, notwithſtanding her endeavours to conceal it, perfectly un-

derſtood the ſource of her diſcontent, laboured inceſſantly to impreſs on her mind the great and uſeful truth, "that nothing but ſuperior merit is really worthy of reſpect."

"Of what value," would ſhe ſay, "my dear Sophy, is the preference which is given by vulgar minds to outward appearance?---Do you not know that idiotiſm and vice, ſucceſsful prodigacy or accidental proſperity, are equally worſhipped by the baſe and intereſted? Thoſe who are ſo deſpicable cannot, it is true, diſtinguiſh *that* merit on which alone a reaſonable mind will value itſelf; but is it by *ſuch* people my Sophy would deſire to be diſtinguiſhed?---You know I conſented the other day to go (becauſe many others did) to viſit the very opulent family who have purchaſed the largeſt houſe in the village. You ſaw that the lady, though ſhe did her utmoſt to be what the common people, in ſpeaking of their ſuperiors, call *affable*, was thinking of nothing but the diſplay ſhe made among her new neighbours of her fine and expenſive furniture; and enjoying the idea of exciting the envy of all thoſe who affected ſuch ſort of ſhow:---while her daughter, in the ſame ſpirit of oſtentatious vulgarity, exhibited her *accompliſhments* to thoſe who had, ſhe thought, no means of being inſtructed by maſters

of

of ſuch eminence as ſhe had learned of. It ſeems ſtrange, too, that a perſon who, like her mother, has at leaſt for ſome years been uſed to a carriage, ſhould ſo inceſſantly talk of her coach, her travelling chaiſe, her ſon's curricle, and introduce every moment ſome converſation which lets you know ſhe has all thoſe accommodations. But while ſhe indulges herſelf in this enumeration of the advantages of riches, it is amuſing to obſerve how carefully ſhe avoids mentioning the ſociety ſhe lived among when they were acquired and increaſed. She would not on any account have it ſuppoſed, that this magnificent new purchaſe was made becauſe it is at a convenient diſtance from London for Mr. Griſkin's buſineſs, but dwells on the unfortunate circumſtance of her being unable to live even in the moſt airy parts of the metropolis on account of her health. Every thing, in ſhort, betrays a narrow mind, and all that improper pride which is allied with ſelfiſh meanneſs. Yet you ſee, my Sophy, that more than half this neighbourhood, by which a tolerable eſtimate may be formed of the world in general, crowd round this woman, and apparently pay her a ſort of reſpect, while, in fact, they hate her for being rich, and laugh at her for being oſtentatious. Either ſentiment, however, is unworthy of an enlightened

mind and a good heart. For my part, who have nothing of all the things that ſeem to conſtitute Mrs. Griſkin's happineſs, I certainly am as happy as ſhe is. Poverty, and the want of the comforts and conveniences of life, are real evils; but it is no evil to be without ſuperfluities and luxuries. The few really valuable friends who love me, are as glad to viſit me in this ſimple houſe, as when I lived in town in a more expenſive ſtyle. My pleaſure in them conſiſts in my knowing that they eſteem me becauſe they believe me worthy of it. My domeſtic pleaſure is found in doing my duty to my dear girls, and believing, that if their lamented mother was conſcious of their being under my care, ſhe would look with complacency and affection on my attention to them. Of leſſer pleaſures, I have my garden and my library.—Tell me, Sophy, if I ſhould enjoy any of theſe the more for living in a more expenſive ſtyle? for having two or three carriages, and a number of uſeleſs ſervants? Tell me if you think I enjoy them the leſs becauſe the perſon we have been talking of, or thouſands of others, have a great many fineries and luxuries which I have not?"

Sophia. Certainly not, my dear Aunt; but it is not every body whoſe underſtanding

ſtanding makes them indifferent to ſuch things.

Mrs. Belmour. Yet ſurely there is nothing ſo eaſy!—Whoever would learn to eſtimate them at their real value, ſhould not only conſider whether the want of them ought to affect the tranquility of a rational being, but whether the perſons who poſſeſs theſe luxuries and ſuperfluities are really as happy as an ignorant or ſuperficial obſerver might be tempted to ſuppoſe; and I am ſure, if the queſtion could be fairly examined, that there are more aching hearts borne about in ſplendid carriages than are wrapped in the warm red cloth cloak of the female peaſantry, or in the humble habiliments of women a degree or two above them.

There is an admirable ſentence in "The Rambler" on this ſubject:—"One of the great arts of eſcaping ſuperfluous uneaſineſs is, to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others, on whom the bleſſings of life are more bountifully beſtowed, or with imaginary ſtates of delight and ſecurity, perhaps unattainable by mortals."

Sophia. I am ſure my mamma did not ſeem to be unhappy, or at leaſt only ſometimes, and that, I dare ſay, every body is.

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. Alas! Sophy, you knew not half the ſolicitude and ſorrow that preyed on the heart of your mother. Her fortitude, her love for you, and her unwillingneſs to give to your young mind a tincture of gloom, to which perhaps ſhe ſaw you a little too much inclined, all combined to make her aſſume an air of cheerfulneſs; but could you have known what ſhe often felt——The ſubject is unfit for us both.—I drop it, and return to what we were before talking of. —You ſeemed, I thought, to liſten to the boaſted acquirements of Miſs Griſkin with a ſort of uneaſy doubt, as if you ſuſpected that ſhe could excel you in ornamental accompliſhments. Let us go over the liſt of them, if you pleaſe.

Sophia. She learned to dance of Monſ. Le Sauteur, and ſays that ſhe was one of the firſt ſcholars he always called out, when company came to whom he wiſhed to recommend his manner of teaching.

Mrs. Belmour. I ſhall make no remark on the ſilly vanity of relating all that; but admitting it to be true (which I do not however believe), let me aſk any impartial obſerver of Miſs Griſkin's manners and air, whether the perfection ſhe boaſts of has communicated itſelf to her general appearance. A perſon cannot always dance. The occaſions when a young

young woman can execute in public, dances which attract attention only to herſelf, are very few; and, were it not for court balls, which Miſs is not *yet* of a rank to attend, would hardly be taught at all. The chief purpoſe, therefore, of learning them is, that a certain grace and eaſe of attitude, a good walk, and unembarraſſed addreſs, may be acquired. Where that effect fails; as it has ſurely done in regard to the young woman we are ſpeaking of, it ſeems to me to be of little value that ſhe can ſail in a particular meaſure and manner round a room, and play certain tricks with her feet.

Sophia. But Miſs Griſkin has learned of the firſt piano-forte maſter in London. She plays a great deal better than Miſs Muffinet, who is the beſt player in Mrs. Backboard's ſchool.

Mrs. Belmour. If, by playing better, you mean in point of execution, ſhe certainly does excel Miſs Muffinet and many others; but ſhe ſeems to me to play ſo entirely mechanically, ſo totally without taſte or feeling, that it gives me no pleaſure: and I do not believe I was ſingular in my opinion; for I obſerved, that, in deſpite of all their complaiſance, half the liſteners yawned, and others talked among themſelves. A mere ſcrambling by certain rules over the keys is not muſic; it

is

is only a noiſe made with a great deal of trouble.

Sophia. But then the harp, which is ſo difficult?

Mrs. Belmour. She played well upon it certainly, as far as execution goes, which perhaps is more difficult to attain on that than on any other inſtrument.

Sophia. I wiſh I could learn on the harp, though I am ſure I ſhall never play as ſhe does.

Mrs. Belmour. I know not why you ſhould think ſo: a very moderate capacity applied reſolutely to any one purpoſe for a neceſſary ſpace of time, will not fail of ſucceeding. At preſent, however, you have not time to attempt this acquiſition: it is better to attend ſteadily to ſuch things as you have already begun to learn.

Sophia (ſighing). Yes, my dear Aunt, but I am ſometimes ſadly diſcouraged; for I know Fanny ſpeaks French better than I do, and writes and underſtands both that and Italian as well.

Mrs. Belmour. And wherefore, Sophia, ſhould that diſcourage you? Take care, my dear girl, that this wiſh to excel, laudable and proper in itſelf, be not ſuffered to produce that moſt tormenting of all paſſions, envy;—an infirmity of the mind ſo humiliating, ſo bitter to whoever has the misfortune to feel it,

that

that it ſours the temper and pollutes the heart, more, perhaps, than any other feeling.

It has always to me been an objection againſt ſchools, that often the motive of emulation is ſo uſed, as to excite this narrow and diſtaſteful weakneſs; and what is worſe, it is often excited by things contemptible in themſelves, and in which there is no merit in excelling. The balls given once a year to exhibit the young people's progreſs in dancing to the beſt advantage, are, among others, a cauſe of great anxiety and heart-burning; not as to who ſhall do beſt what they have been taught, which would be a commendable ambition, but who ſhall be moſt faſhionably or fantaſtically dreſſed. What fuſs and buſtle is the ſchool in for weeks before this important epocha! and how many doubts are there in the fluttering heart of Miſs Jackſon, whether Miſs Williams's head-dreſs, or Miſs Sims's muſlin robe, will not be better than her own!—How much ſecrecy to conceal ſome new invention, leſt Miſs Jones or Miſs Browne ſhould imitate it! and how many malignant wiſhes that the mantua-maker may ſpoil Miſs Smith's embroidered lawn dreſs, or that the fine hair of Miſs Atkinſon may be curled unbecomingly! You, my Sophy, are exempt now by your manner of life from feeling any

of

of theſe petty miſeries; and I hope and believe you will acquire that dignity of mind which will ſet you above all ſuch paltry feelings, in a ſuperior line of life. It has always appeared to me, that envy is a proof of ſome internal conſciouſneſs of defect in the perſon who feels it. It is often evidence of our doubting ourſelves, as arrogance, on the other hand, is very frequently a ſign of the ſame conſciouſneſs, which we endeavour to bear out by aſſuming what we well know we have no right to; and by attempting to exact the deference which we ſuſpect will not voluntarily be given us.

There is, you may recollect, a ſtory in the Spectator of Brunetta and Phillis, who, from being playfellows in their infancy, and rivals in finery as they grew older, contrived to torment each other with this ſilly ſpirit of pride and jealouſy, till, I think, one of them, who, when they were both married in Barbadoes, had mortified her opponent by exhibiting the fineſt gown (or mantua, as was the term of thoſe days) that ever had been ſeen in the iſland, was ſo hurt by ſeeing her rival appear in a plain black ſilk, attended by a negro girl clad in a jacket of the ſame brocade which the former lady had ſo prided herſelf in excluſively poſſeſſing, that ſhe fled away from her huſband and family, unable to bear the

the humiliation which ſhe believed the triumph of her rival inflicted upon her. Theſe manners are alſo unlike thoſe of the preſent day, that this little hiſtory probably makes but ſlight impreſſion on young people now. I remember another ſtory on the ſame ſubject, which tells of a Mrs. Dyſon, or ſome ſuch name, who lingered all her life in ſickneſs, and at laſt died in extreme miſery, the victim of this wretched weakneſs. I I know not where this is related, but I think it is in one of the works of Mrs. Sarah Fielding, a very ingenious woman, and the ſiſter of the celebrated Henry Fielding, whoſe novels you have heard ſo often ſpoken of, though you are not yet of an age when the peruſal of ſuch books is proper for you.

It is impoſſible, without feeling humiliated by the weakneſs of our nature, to read, and know from too many proofs, that two of our late greateſt men were moſt unaccountably ſubject to the paſſion of envy. It is related of Goldſmith, that he felt it in ſo ridiculous an exceſs, that he could never hear any perſon praiſed without teſtifying ill humour and impatience. It was no matter what their eulogium turned upon: he was as angry at liſtening to the exclamation of a lover on the beauty and elegance of a young lady, as at being told of an author whoſe

play

play had ſucceeded, or whoſe Eſſays were in a ſeventh edition. He was not aſhamed of this abſurdity, nor does it appear that he ever took any pains to conquer it.

That the gigantic mind of Johnſon ſhould be vulnerable by ſo degrading a meanneſs ſeems ſtill more extraordinary; yet we have melancholy teſtimony that it was ſo, both from his converſation and his criticiſm. He did not indeed feel any anger becauſe he could not ſpring from the ground like an opera dancer, or ſing like the ſyrens of the ſtage; but literary merit ſeems in too many inſtances to have raiſed his ſpleen. To this may be imputed many of thoſe criticiſms where his judgment was leſs conſulted than an invidious wiſh to lower acknowledged merit. In ſo great a man ſuch a weakneſs raiſes at once our wonder and contempt. Yet he was not one of thoſe of whom it can be ſaid that he had no virtue in himſelf, and therefore envied virtue in another; for ſurely a better man, with the exception of this foible, and ſome feebleneſſes of mind, the effects of early prejudices, never lived.

It has been alledged, that he was himſelf conſcious of this mental infirmity, and he certainly has written an excellent Eſſay on it, in the 183d number of the Rambler, in which he ably delineates the

train

train of vices which grow up in its ſhade, when "this ſtubborn weed of the mind" is not repreſſed or rooted out; and he concludes with ſaying, "Almoſt every other crime is practiſed by the help of ſome quality that might have produced eſteem or love, if it had been well employed; but Envy is mere unmixed and genuine evil: it purſues a hateful end by deſpicable means, and deſires not ſo much its own happineſs as another's miſery."

Look not ſo grave, my dear Sophy; to-morrow we will have ſome gayer converſation, and will finiſh this with a ſentence from Lord Bacon, whoſe Aphoriſms you know I am very fond of.

"Envy," ſays he, "is that of all the "affections which is the moſt importu-"nate and continual; for of other af-"fections there is occaſion given but now "and then. It was well ſaid, that Envy "has no holidays, becauſe it ever finds "matter to work upon."

And it may be added that the dark and ſcowling look which the countenances of thoſe aſſume, who have long been in the unhappy habit of yielding to its influence, as if their very look could blaſt the objects of their diſlike, gave riſe to the ideas formerly entertained of the malignant influence of the eyes of the envious;

ous; "ſo that it ſeems," ſays Lord Bacon (who lived when ſuch ſuperſtitions were popular), "ſome have been ſo "curious as to note, that the times when "the ſtroke or percuſſion of an envious "eye does moſt hurt, are particularly "when the party envied is beheld in "glory and triumph." In theſe days we have no credulity of this ſort, and the happy, or thoſe who are ſuppoſed to be ſo, may ſafely enjoy themſelves without fearing any injury from "evil eyes." But the young perſon who ſuffers this odious paſſion to predominate in her mind is in great riſk indeed of acquiring a caſt of countenance ſo diſagreeable and repulſive, that ſhe will never herſelf attract any eyes at all—at leaſt never the eyes of affection and eſteem from any worthy man or woman who ſtudies the expreſſion of the human countenance as indicative of the heart.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE II.

[MARY returning from playing in the Garden with her Siſters—Mrs. BELMOUR at Work.]

Mrs. Belmour.

WELL, my dear Mary! what, quite tired with your play?

Mary. No, Aunt; but I have brought you the ſweeteſt butterfly—its wings are like black velvet, with bright ſpots of crimſon and white.

Mrs. Belmour. Yes; it is one of the moſt beautiful of Engliſh *papilios*.

Mary. Papilios!—What are they?

Mrs. Belmour. I call them ſo not out of affectation, but becauſe it is the name from the Latin, by which they are diſtinguiſhed in books that treat of Natural Hiſtory; while what we call moths, the ſpecies of this inſect that flies by night, are called phalænæ. *Papillon*, you know, is the French for butterfly; and moths are called in that language *papillons du ſoir*, the French words being more immediately derived from the Latin than ours. Take care not to hurt the fly you hold: if you have ſatisfied your curioſity, let it go; and do not, by robbing its wings of

of their feathers, deprive the inſect of the power of enjoying its little ſpace of life.

Mary. I will not hurt it, Aunt; but I ſee no feathers.

Mrs. Belmour. Were you to rub off a little of the down on the wings, which you juſtly compare to black velvet, and were you to place it in a microſcope, you would ſee that it is compoſed of an infinite number of feathered quills, which are ſo very minute, and put together with ſuch exquiſite contrivance, that the fineſt miniature, the moſt delicate and laboured effect of human art, appears, when compared to the wing of one of theſe inſects, like indiſtinct daubing or coarſe canvaſs.

Mary. If it were not for giving theſe creatures pain, I ſhould like to catch and keep a great many of them. They eat flowers, do they not?

Mrs. Belmour. I muſt give you, I believe, an account of the life and transformation of theſe inſects, which you do not ſeem to underſtand. But would it not be better to make this the ſubject of one of our ſhort lectures on Natural Hiſtory, when we are all together? Go, releaſe your captive, this beautiful Admirable, for that is the name given to this ſpecies of butterfly; and if your ſiſters are diſpoſed to come in, we will fetch

fetch a book, in which is deſcribed the transformation of the papilio race. But perhaps your ſiſters are ſo occupied that they will be ſorry to quit their preſent amuſement for another. What are they doing?

Mary. Why, Aunt, Sophia is reading ſome mournful ſtory, I believe, in a book of poetry; for ſhe looks very ſorrowful, and bade me not teaſe her with my butterflies and naſty crawling things. Fanny is gathering flowers, and tying them up in wreaths, and imagining which, if ſhe could make artificial ones like them, would be moſt becoming; and your little Louiſa is digging in what ſhe calls her garden, and ſticking in the earth the flowers that Fanny throws away, ſuppoſing, poor little ſimpleton! that they will grow, though they have no roots to them.

Mrs. Belmour. Nevertheleſs, her employment is as reaſonable as Fanny's. It makes her at leaſt happy for the time; and to-morrow, when her gay flowers are all drooping and withered, ſhe will get more, and be as contented as ever.

Mary. But there is no harm in Fanny's ſchemes for making her own ornaments, is there?

Mrs. Belmour. None in the world, if ſhe does not ſtudy ornament too much; which is a fault I have ſometimes been obliged

obliged to reprove her for. Far from thinking her to blame for gathering theſe beautiful productions of nature, flowers, and diſſecting them, with a view to imitate them either with the pencil or the ſciſſors (aſſiſted by wire, paper, and ſilk, which may be called the ſculpture of flowers), there is nothing I like better to ſee and to encourage than theſe *minor arts*, which girls readily enough learn, who do not always apply with equal pleaſure or perſeverance to the pen, the book, or the pencil.

As for you, my dear Mary, you know, that when your father propoſed cultivating the talent he thought he perceived you had for drawing, by having maſters attend you at a great expence to teach you to draw figures and landſcapes, I deſired you might, at leaſt for the preſent, decline his intended kindneſs, and that you might learn to draw flowers. For this choice I had many reaſons. To draw figures well (and if they are not done well they are hideous and ridiculous), many ſtudies muſt be purſued, which are not proper for a young woman, and which require more time than it is poſſible for her to give to them if they were. She muſt ſtudy anatomy, and draw after buſts of the antique—I ſpeak of thoſe who would excel; and methinks to do any thing indifferently is not

not worth any time or trouble at all. It is certainly a very pleaſing acquirement to be able to take views. For men it is a moſt uſeful art; and where women have any decided talent for it, I would have it aſſiduouſly cultivated. For this purſuit, however, it appeared to me that the ſhortneſs of your ſight diſqualified you; but not ſo for the delineation of plants and flowers. They offer themſelves in millions of different forms, all equally beautiful and curious, in the woods, under the ſhelter of hedge rows and copſes, on the high downy hills, or the luxurious meadows among the graſs. They clothe the rocks that bound the hollow ways, and ſome ſlightly tapeſtry even the rugged chalk or gravelly cliffs that are waſhed by the ſpray of the ſea. Others float on the ſurface of the river, or bend over the ſtreams among the reeds; while ſome ſpecies cover, with purple bells or golden papilionaceous bloſſoms, the ſtony or ſandy heath; and not a few find nouriſhment among the interſtices of the decayed wall, or on the roof of the cottage. There are hardly any of theſe but what in one or other of their ſpecies are uſeful to man, and either ſupply him with food or with medicine; with colours wherewith he dyes his wool and leather, his cotton and ſilk, or with drugs by which he prepares them for

that proceſs. But beſides the innumerable uſes by which plants are made to form ſo great a part of the neceſſaries and comforts of civilized life, they are themſelves the moſt beautiful objects in nature, and ſeem to have been deſigned as well for the ſolace of the penſive ſolitary, as to ornament in that happy age of youth, which is a little above infancy, the female form and face. We figure to ourſelves with pleaſure, nymphs and dryads crowned with leaves and flowers; and fancy has more delight in dreſſing her viſionary images thus, than in adorning them with all the riches of the earth. Roſes are more ſoothing to the imagination than rubies; a garland of jaſmine, or lilies of the valley, a more intereſting head-dreſs than a diamond tiara; and to learn to trace or imitate their figures ſeems to me to be a means of forming the taſte of young perſons, and teaching them to unite ornament with ſimplicity.

An author, who, amid many fanciful and ſome erroneous ſtrictures on the ſubject of education, has undoubtedly many excellent thoughts, ſpeaks thus on the ſubject we are talking of:—Come Mary, tranſlate the following ſentence from Rouſſeau, where he tells us how far he would have his female pupil initiated in the

the art of drawing, among other more neceſſary parts of education:

" Ces progrès volontaires s'etendront " aiſément juſqu'au deſſein: car cet art " n'eſt pas indifférent à celui de ſe mettre " avec goût: mais je ne voudrois point " qu'on les appliquât au payſage, encore " moins à la figure. Des feuillages, des " fruits, des fleurs, des draperies, tout " ce qui peut donner un contour élé- " gant aux ajuſtemens; et à faire ſoi- " meme un patron de broderie, quand " on n'en trouve pas à ſon gré; cela " leur ſuffit."

Mrs. Belmour, after Mary has read and tranſlated this ſentence, continues. This degree of ſkill in this ornamental branch of education may ſuffice, where it is probable that the condition of life in which young people are likely to be placed, will call upon them for the continual exertion of duties which would render their future purſuits of leſs neceſſary avocations either inconvenient or blameable; but where the caſe is otherwiſe, and eſpecially where there is a decided talent for this enchanting art, I do not ſee why it ſhould not be cultivated to its greateſt perfection.

The practice of it is a reſource againſt that evil which perſons of affluent fortune only are ſubject to; for the poor, or thoſe who are ſo little above that ſtate as to earn their own ſubſiſtence, or pre-

ſide over the neceſſary œconomy of a man who procures the daily bread of his family by the labour of his hands or his head, have no time to ſuffer it: I mean that wearineſs of life which we have borrowed a Latin and a French phraſe to expreſs, becauſe we have none in our language that conveys the idea—the *tedium vitæ*, or *ennui*, than which a greater evil can hardly be felt.—The young perſon, who, tired of her work, and without any book that may be amuſing or inſtructive at hand, can go into the garden and ſhrubbery, or among the meadows and hedges, and bring back a bouquet of flowers; who can either deſcribe them ſingly with their various parts (of ſtalks, leaves, calyx, corolla, ſtamen, piſtil, anther and ſtigma, with the pollen or duſt), or who can arrange them in a pleaſing form together, and give her compoſition correctneſs and relief, need never give way to that mawkiſh indolence, that inanity of the mind, which, if indulged, will render her burthenſome to herſelf, and unintereſting to others. But a taſte for the culture of flowers, or for copying the beauties our ſituation may not admit us to raiſe ourſelves, is particularly adapted to women; is ſoothing to their minds, and refines their taſte, while it prevents them from ſuffering from that want of motive to go into the air, and from yielding

yielding to that torpid ignorance which hurts alike the body and the mind. Two of our greateſt poets have given delightful deſcriptions of the pleaſures of a garden, and appropriated much of its peculiar delight to the female ſex. How beautifully has Milton deſcribed the bower of Eve, and ornamented the paradiſe of the firſt man and woman with flowers—

——"It was a place
Choſen by the Sovereign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful uſe; the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhy ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roſes, and jeſſamin
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between and wrought
Moſaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more coloured than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt emblem."

And Cowper, you recollect, ſays,

"The ſpleen is ſeldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And ſullen ſadneſs, that o'erſhade, diſtort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cauſe
For ſuch immeaſurable woe appears:
Theſe Flora baniſhes, and gives the fair
Sweet ſmiles, and bloom leſs tranſient than her own."

But

But here comes Sophia with her book, Fanny with her garlands and noſegays, and the little gardener Louiſa from the labours of her imaginary garden. Well, Sophia, my love, what have you been reading?

Sophia. A ſtory, my dear Aunt, which is in the written book that—

Mrs. Belmour. Manuſcript book you ſhould ſay, to ſpeak properly.

Sophia. In the manuſcript book, then, which my couſin Maria lent me, in which you know ſhe has collected ſeveral hiſtorical anecdotes, and ſtories, in which there appeared any thing remarkable, that have been told her.

Mrs. Belmour. I know the collection is very intereſting, and gives proof of Maria's good taſte. The ſtory you have been reading was, perhaps, of the melancholy caſt; we will, however, hear it, if you will indulge us with it another day: but now Mary wiſhes to hear, and, I truſt, you will all of you like to attend to, my account of the birth and education of a butterfly.

Sophia. Of a butterfly? Dear Aunt, I do not ſee how that can be intereſting to human creatures?

Mrs. Belmour. Every object around us ought to intereſt us as human creatures.—The animals next in rank, perhaps, to man, are quadrupeds. They afford

afford us food by their fleſh and milk. The ſkins of almoſt all give us that uſeful article leather, of which ſhoes, gloves, ſome ſort of clothes, harneſs, and ſo many other things are made. The wool of ſheep ſupplies us with cloth and carpets; with flannel, ſo neceſſary for blankets, and warm clothing for the infirm and old; with worſted ſtockings, the only wear of the working claſſes of men; and with innumerable other conveniences. The hair of horſes, beſides many other purpoſes that it is applied to, ſuch as ſtuffing furniture and ſaddles, is woven into thoſe coverings for chairs and ſophas that are ſo durable and look like black ſatin. The ſkins of calves and of ſheep, dreſſed in a particular manner, make vellum to draw upon and for binding books, and alſo parchment for the lawyers' deeds. The briſtles of hogs make bruſhes. The ſkins of deer are particularly valuable, as being capable of being dreſſed into the fineſt kind of leather; and the horns of animals are ſerviceable in making combs, the handles of knives, and many other uſeful articles. Dogs' ſkin makes gloves. Cats ſuffer, I believe, very often to line our muffs and ſhoes; and rabbits, beſides that their furs are often applied to the ſame uſe, are very valuable, becauſe hats are now made of their fur.

The

The colder countries of Europe produce animals whoſe coats are ſtill more coſtly. The ermine, whoſe beautiful white fur and black tail lines the coronets and mantles of our nobles, while their degrees of rank are marked by the number of rows of theſe taſſels on their mantles, creep among the ſnows of Siberia, and the north of Ruſſia. There too is the ſable, whoſe fur is ſo dear, that a robe lined wtth it (which the Turks reckon an article of the firſt neceſſity in their wardrobe) is often valued at a thouſand pounds. Of the fine wool of the Angora goat, a native of the warm regions of the earth, are made thoſe ſhawls which come from India, and which we vainly attempt to imitate by any manufacture here. This is a very ſlight ſketch of the ſerviceable qualities of one claſs of animals to mankind. Birds afford us much excellent food; and the feathers, beſides thoſe of the oſtrich, and ſome others that are very ornamental, fill the beds on which we repoſe. Their utility, therefore, in contributing to the accommodation of man, is very great; but there are two of thoſe inſects, a tribe which you, Sophia, think too inſignificant for attention, that are alſo very uſeful. Theſe are the bee, that admirable little creature endowed with ſuch extraordinary inſtinct, and which ſupplies

plies us with wax and honey; and the ſilk worm, which is a phalæna or moth, and whoſe exiſtence is attended with the ſame circumſtances as the butterfly. Of the latter, as it may ſerve to give you a general idea of the papilios, we will now ſpeak.

Our firſt acquaintance with this inſect is in the form of a minute egg, ſometimes depoſited on a leaf or a flower, ſometimes on a piece of wood within ſhelter, and ſometimes on the ſtalk of a plant. Theſe, which are each not bigger than a grain of millet, are hatched after five-and-twenty or thirty days by the heat of the ſun, and the little worms they produce immediately find the ſuſtenance nature deſigns for them, becauſe the parent fly always depoſits her eggs in a place where this nouriſhment is at hand

Their growth is then very rapid; and the individual fly which gave riſe to this inquiry of Mary's, and which is called the Admirable, or Atalanta, becomes in about twenty days to his maturity in the caterpillar ſtate, and folds himſelf up by the means of his web in the leaf of a nettle. He then begins to prepare for his metamorphoſe, and ſuſpending himſelf on the under part of one of the ſame leaves, is transformed into a chryſalis, in which it remains about twenty days; and at the end of that time he

burſts his ſhell, and comes out the beautiful winged creature we have ſeen juſt now. Then the inſect is in its ſtate of perfection and happineſs, floating on the perfumed gale of ſummer, and feeding on the honeyed juices of the moſt fragrant vegetables, which it extracts by means of its proboſcis from the nectarium or glands of the flowers, that is, the part we uſually call the honey cup. This period of its beauty and enjoyment of life is but ſhort; for, after twenty days more, the female lays her eggs and dies, and the male retires under the ſhadowy leaves of ſome of thoſe plants by which his food has been afforded, and lingering a few days dies alſo. In the tropical regions, there are flies much bigger, and of more brilliant colours than thoſe of this country. Some are very large, and are ſaid to pray on leſſer inſects, holding the ſame rank among butterflies as eagles and other carnivorous birds do among birds.

The ſame routine as to the transformation, and its progreſs, is exactly obſerved by the phalæna or moth, of which the ſilk worm is a ſpecies: the web which he ſpins to envelope himſelf, while he is paſſing from the ſtate of a caterpillar to the chryſalis, is of a ſtronger texture and more conſiderable in quantity than that of any other inſect. Theſe curious envelopes

lopes are called cocoons, and in countries where ſilk is produced the women and girls who attend the buſineſs know exactly the period when the inſect within has concluded his labour; they then throw the cocoon into boiling water, which kills its inhabitant, and enables them to wind the ſilk off on a ſort of reel invented for that purpoſe.

The proceſs afterwards of dreſſing and dying it for the loom are eaſily imagined; and thus you ſee, Sophy, how a contemptible inſect is not only worthy of the attention of a reaſonable being, but that it contributes to his luxuries and neceſſities. But were it otherwiſe, ſurely the ſpeculation is infinitely amuſing and inſtructive. It teaches us one of the wonderful ways of the great Author of nature, and there is not the humbleſt fern or meaneſt moſs from which we may not derive proofs of his wiſdom.

You know I love a quotation from ſome favourite poet; and as I have been talking to my little Mary of flowers and ſhrubs from Milton and Cowper, we will conclude the life of our butterfly with four lines from Dr. Darwin:

Thus in his ſilken ſepulchre the worm,
Warm'd with new life, unfolds his larva form;
Ere while aloft in wanton circles moves,
And woes on Hymen's wings his velvet loves.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE III.

[Mrs. Belmour, Sophia, Fanny, Mary, and Louisa.]

Mrs. Belmour.

SOPHY, my love, you were reading a ſtory yeſterday which appeared greatly to intereſt you? Let us now hear it.

Sophia. If you pleaſe, Aunt: but, perhaps, it may not intereſt you; and Mary and Louiſa will not care about it.

Mrs. Belmour. You think then that I am too old, and your ſiſters too young; confeſs, was not that your idea?

Sophia. Yes, I own it was.

Mrs. Belmour. Then I am afraid you doubt of the general merit or propriety of your hiſtory. You know I have endeavoured always to impreſs on your mind, what I am myſelf convinced of, that good ſenſe expreſſed in plain and ſimple language, is welcome to every mind of whatever age that is well formed and well inſtructed. L'Ami des Enfans of Berquin, though many parts of it are deſigned merely for very young people, has often given me more pleaſure and amuſement

amuſement than any of thoſe books written only to amuſe, where impoſſible events are related in inflated language, and where repreſentations of life and manners are ſo falſely given, that they would be more pernicious than they are, were they not ſo abſurd, that only the weakeſt minds, and thoſe which are incapable of feeling the beauty of reaſon, can be affected by them. There is another ſet of books written expreſsly for the uſe of young perſons, which I have read with pleaſure and profit, "Evenings at Home," by Mrs. Barbauld. And it is the good ſenſe and nature, as well as the inſtruction which both theſe works contain (differing however extremely from each other), that make them at once pleaſant to me and to younger readers; and the ſimpleſt recital of facts, or fictitious narrative repreſenting real life, is underſtood and felt by every one who has plain ſenſe—even although it may relate to perſons out of their rank of life, or whom they may never have had occaſion to ſee.

Give us, therefore, your ſtory, my Sophia. It will agreeably fill up an interval in this wet morning, when we muſt give up the hopes of a walk.

Eliza

Eliza and Emma Walters were left at a very early age to the care of Mrs. Bedworth, their grandmother, who had an handſome income, but for her life only, as it afterwards became the property of her ſons; and it was not in her power to diſpoſe of any of it after her death to the children of her daughters.

Theſe little girls, therefore, had only a very ſmall fortune, and their grandmother was not a woman likely to ſave any of her yearly income for them: for though ſhe was far advanced in life, ſhe loved company, did not chooſe to ſubmit to the inconvenience of doing without a carriage, and had card parties and ſupper parties. She had been a beauty in her youth, and had ſtill that lingering love of finery, which weak people who had once prided themſelves on their perſons are very apt to retain at a period of life when ornaments only ſerve to make the devaſtations of time more remarkable.

It was not without ſome reluctance that ſhe conſented to take charge of her two grand-daughters; but her pride would not allow her to let them live with any of their father's relations whom ſhe diſliked. She therefore conſented to receive them; and as her health was ſometimes ſuch as rather checked her conſtant attendance at parties, ſhe inſenſibly became attached to Eliza, who was named after her, and who

who was ſaid, by thoſe who wiſhed to pay their court to the old lady, to be a very great beauty, and extremely like her grandmama.

The old lady looked at her till ſhe believed this was true; and the more ſhe heard of Eliza's praiſes, the more thoroughly ſhe was convinced. Eliza was a very ſhewy girl, had fine cheſnut-coloured hair, a fair complexion, with a lively colour in her cheeks, large full eyes, and ſhe was beſides tall of her age, and had a great deal of vivacity and ſpirit without much underſtanding. Emma was ſaid to reſemble the family of her father, who was never a favourite of the old lady's, becauſe he was not rich, was addicted to books, and paid no great reſpect to the purſuits or notions of his mother-in-law.

While therefore Eliza went out adorned with ribbands, had her ears bored, and was preſented with many of thoſe frivolous ornaments which pleaſe feeble-minded women and ill-educated children, Emma, left in a plain-coloured cotton gown at home, and merely recommended to the care of the houſe-keeper, was hardly thought of by her grandmother, who by degrees became as fond of the eldeſt ſiſter as nature would allow her to be of any thing but herſelf.

It happened, however, that the houſe-keeper was not only a very good woman, but had received a very good education, having been brought up by her father, who was a clergyman, to go out as teacher in a ſchool. Her health would not admit, however, of her engaging in an employment which requires a continual and equal exertion of ſpirits; ſhe gave up, after having twice attempted, the undertaking; and, quietly contented to ſink all thoſe branches of education now no longer likely to be uſeful, ſhe ſought the place of houſe-keeper to a ſingle lady, and obtained that of Mrs. Bedworth. The knowledge ſhe had acquired of the neceſſary care of an houſe, and the quiet and propriety which an even temper and regularity enabled her to eſtabliſh in the family, were ſo uſeful to Mrs. Bedworth, and ſaved her ſo much trouble, that Ann ſoon became a perſon of the utmoſt conſequence to her miſtreſs, who entruſted her with every thing; little ſuſpecting that, under the plainneſs of dreſs and manners, Ann concealed more knowledge than moſt well-educated women, and was not only miſtreſs of her own language (a much rarer qualification than is generally ſuppoſed), but underſtood French, was an excellent accomptant, had read a great deal, and, what was better than all,

all, had a ſound underſtanding and a good heart.

To her lot it fell to diſcover what Mrs. Bedworth never thought of looking for in Emma, a very good capacity, and a ſweet and mild temper. The latter prevented her from murmuring at the preference ſhewn to her ſiſter; the former enabled her to obtain the moſt ſolid advantages from what moſt young perſons would have thought a great misfortune: and while Eliza was dreſſed out of an evening, and taken, when her grandmother was well enough, into every circle ſhe frequented herſelf, and while her mornings were paſſed either in recovering the fatigues of the preceding night, or in picking out a tune on the forte-piano, which ſhe had very little taſte for, Emma learned to read with juſtneſs and propriety, wrote a very pretty clear hand, and to ſpell remarkably well. She had alſo begun her French grammar, and could already tranſlate an eaſy ſentence into Engliſh.

But ſhe learned at the ſame time things yet more uſeful. Ann had been taught by her own experience that, to a young woman of very ſmall fortune, every day knowledge was almoſt always more valuable, than ſuch as is merely ornamental; therefore, as ſoon as her little voluntary ſcholar had acquired facility in writing

writing Engliſh, and underſtood the firſt rules of arithmetic, ſhe accuſtomed her to copy the accounts for the week, to know the various articles conſumed in a family, their quality and price, to cut out and make houſehold linen, and to make her own gowns, caps, and other articles of wearing apparel. Mrs. Bedworth ſaw theſe latter performances with ſome ſort of ſatisfaction, for it ſaved her money; and ſhe even went ſo far as to ſay, "Well, that is neatly done; you are a clever girl, Emma!" while the moſt trifling performance of *Miſs Walters's* was cried up as being the moſt beautiful and elegant thing that ever was ſeen. If ſhe attempted to paint a flower or trace a pattern, it was pronounced to be *charming;* and ſhe began to fancy, not only that ſhe was a great beauty, but a great genius. On Emma ſhe appeared always to look with a ſort of contemptuous pity, till Emma, who, when ſhe was about thirteen, improved very much in her perſon, was taken notice of by the viſitors, and Eliza had the mortification to find, that, notwithſtanding ſhe was not half ſo well dreſſed, ſome of theſe viſitors preferred this neglected ſiſter to herſelf. This humiliation became ſtill ſeverer, when ſhe obſerved that the ladies, who were reckoned the beſt informed, attended to Emma more than they did to her,

and

and after they had aſked a few queſtions on ſubjects of dreſs and diverſions of her, they always turned to her ſiſter, as if her converſation alone was worthy of being liſtened to by perſons of underſtanding.

Eliza endeavoured now to keep her ſiſter back; in which invidious project her grandmother was willing enough to aſſiſt, on account of the expences of her appearing dreſſed, as the vanity of the old lady deſired, if ſhe came into company. Emma, therefore, was thrown more than ever into the ſociety of Ann; their mutual attachment redoubled, and the gratitude of Emma was equalled only by the ſatisfaction her inſtructreſs felt in the power of being uſeful to her.

Time paſſed on; Mrs. Bedworth grew more infirm, and the weakneſs of her intellects increaſed with that of her frame: ſhe, therefore, became gradually more fond of Eliza, and more neglectful of Emma. It was not generally underſtood that her fortune ceaſed with her life; of courſe many people thought that her grand-daughters, and particularly the eldeſt, would have handſome fortunes; and, as the greater part of mankind have that object only in view, Eliza, on the joint reputation of her fortune and her beauty, had ſoon a great many lovers.

Some

Some ſhe rejected with diſdain, as being either of too humble a rank, or not rich enough for her. Their merit was what ſhe thought of the leaſt; declaring, that ſhe cared not who it was ſhe married, if he had a good income, could keep her a coach, and give her an houſe in town, where ſhe might ſee a great deal of company, and live in ſuch a courſe of amuſement as ſhe had been taught to think conſtituted the happineſs of life.

At length a man who paſſed for heir to a large Weſt-India eſtate preſented himſelf, and was accepted. He had a ſhewy equipage, was moſt faſhionably accoutred, followed by half a dozen ſervants, and talked on all ſubjects whether he underſtood them or not. Mrs. Bedworth imagined him a perſon of great conſequence; ſhe had never ſeen ſuch an inſtance of modern *daſhing*, and thought it vaſtly fine. Miſs Eliza, though in her heart ſhe could not but acknowledge Mr. Puffington was horribly ugly, yet ſhe was dazzled by his fine carriage and his handſome bays, his account of the marvellous things he did in riding ſo many miles a day, in dancing all night afterwards, and various other feats, which he ſpoke of at great length, while Mrs. Bedworth liſtened in great admiration; and her grand-daughter anticipated the very great ſatisfaction ſhe ſhould have in being

being poſſeſſed of an houſe in London, and a coach to go every night to ſome place of public amuſement. The clothes for her marriage occupied both her grandmother and herſelf much more than the character of her future huſband; in ſhort, the marriage was celebrated with a great deal of ſplendour, and the bride ſet out with her huſband. Mrs. Bedworth being from her age unable to go with her beloved Eliza, was obliged to be content with the accounts ſhe received of her child's reception among her huſband's friends, the praiſes that were laviſhed on her beauty, and the preſents that were made to her, all which ſhe detailed again to her acquaintance with great ſatisfaction.

Emma, far from regretting the good fortune of her ſiſter, was happy in ſeeing how well ſatisfied her grandmother was, and applied all her attention to pleaſe and oblige her; all her aſſiduities, however, were received very coldly. Mrs. Bedworth had exhauſted all the little affection of her heart on Eliza; and though ſhe was now out of the queſtion, the attention and reſpect which all her viſitors paid to Emma ſeemed to her as an injury done to her favourite.

The village where ſhe lived was a few miles diſtant from London, and in it was one of thoſe gardens where all kinds of foreſt

foreſt trees, ſhrubs, fruit trees, and flowers, are raiſed for ſale. It belonged to a very reſpectable man, whoſe father and grandfather had lived in the ſame place, and followed the ſame buſineſs, and he had brought up his ſon in it, a very well-educated and well-behaved young man.

Emma was now very often alone; her grandmother was frequently ſeized with fits of peeviſhneſs, and would let nobody be in the room with her but Ann. And as poor Emma during the hot evenings of ſummer naturally deſired to walk out, and yet could not go by herſelf beyond the duſty ſtreet of the village, ſhe aſked leave of Mr. Meadows to walk in his nurſery ground, being extremely fond of flowers. This was readily granted; and as ſhe availed herſelf of the permiſſion as often as ſhe could, old Mr. Meadows was mightily pleaſed with the notice ſhe took of the plants, and he uſed ſometimes to walk with her and tell her the names of them. His ſon now and then joined them, and ſometimes walked with Emma when his father was not there. He obſerved that ſhe ſeemed to have a very ſweet diſpoſition, and to have a taſte for the beauty of natural and ſimple objects, ſuch as plants and ſhrubs; but there was generally a degree of dejection about her, and he inſenſibly became deſirous of knowing

knowing what made her unhappy. At laſt ſhe told him, that unfortunately ſhe was an orphan, that her grandmother did not love her, and that, on her death, ſhe ſhould be quite alone in the world, ſince ſhe never would be dependent on her ſiſter. Young Meadows, who had every day diſcovered more and more perfections in this young woman, determined to offer himſelf as her huſband. His father, far from objecting to it, encouraged his deſign; but he feared the pride of Mrs. Bedworth was ſuch as would occaſion her to refuſe her conſent to a perſon whom ſhe would look upon as a tradeſman. However, as he had a very comfortable fortune beſides his buſineſs, he made his propoſals with Emma's approbation; and the old lady, after giving him to underſtand that Emma was the firſt of her family who ever was the wife of a tradeſman, conſented, and gave her grand-daughter her wedding-clothes, which was all ſhe was to expect from her.

Emma was, howover, very happy. She loved young Meadows as well from gratitude, as becauſe ſhe really thought him a worthy and eſtimable man. She had a pleaſant apartment ſituated in the midſt of a garden, where there was always a ſucceſſion of the moſt beautiful ſhrubs and flowers; and now ſhe found the

the uſe of the knowledge ſhe had acquired from Ann, and had great pleaſure in aſſiſting in the management of the houſe for her father-in-law, as well as in keeping his accounts for him. She delighted to be employed; and while her huſband was among his cuſtomers or his workmen, ſhe made it her ſtudy to render his home pleaſant to him, and to receive him on his return with cheerfulneſs. The father and young Meadows perfectly adored her, and redoubled his ſolicitude to become rich to provide for her children. She had two little boys, which ſhe nurſed herſelf; and who, running about in their father's beautiful garden, ſeemed to grow and flouriſh like the vegetable beauties around them. Every thing, indeed, proſpered about Mr. and Mrs. Meadows, and all their neighbours reſpected them for their excellent conduct.

Eliza, in the mean time, was in a very different ſituation. Her huſband, a giddy thoughtleſs young man, had never poſſeſſed the fortune he pretended to have, and had plunged into all ſorts of diſſipation, till, at length, having ſquandered away in idle profuſion more than he could afford, he went to the gaming table, where he ſometimes won, but oftener loſt. Eliza, who had married him only to enjoy all the indulgences of a large fortune, had not the leaſt notion of,

of, or the leaſt wiſh to practiſe œconomy; ſhe cared not what expence ſhe went to for dreſs, and never could determine to ſtay one day alone, but was always either out, or had company at home, for whom ſhe made the moſt extravagant entertainments. As to her three children, ſhe cared nothing about them, but put them out in the cheapeſt manner to nurſe; in conſequence of which, one died at ſeven months old, and her little girl was, by the careleſſneſs of the mercenary woman that nurſed her, let fall while quite a baby, by which accident ſhe was ſo much injured, that ſhe grew quite crooked, and was afflicted with ſuch dreadful pains, as made her life a burthen to her. Her mother, to whoſe neglect this unfortunate defect was owing, was ſo far from feeling pity and remorſe, that ſhe could not endure to look on this poor unhappy victim of her cruelty; and when Mr. Puffington's affairs became ſo diſarranged, that, to ſave expence, ſhe was glad to accept her grandmother's offer of taking one of her children, this ill-fated little girl was ſent down thither; but Mrs. Bedworth, perceiving her misfortune, could not bear the ſight of her; ſo that if it had not been for Mrs. Meadows, the poor child would have been as much neglected as ever, for Ann was married long before, and every thing

was left to new ſervants, who hated the additional trouble the poor child gave them. Mrs. Meadows, however, kindly took compaſſion on the unfortunate little Betſy, and had her almoſt always with her, taught her to read, and attended to her health, ſo that ſhe ſoon recovered from all the effects of former ill uſage and neglect but thoſe that were incurable.

Not quite five years ſufficed for Mr. Puffington to ſee an end of all his fortune, except a ſmall eſtate in Jamaica, which he could not ſell; and it was convenient for him to go thither to eſcape from his creditors here, and to endeavour to make it produce enough to keep his family. Eliza and her ſon knew not what to do, for ſhe had no money to keep an houſe of her own: at length ſhe reſolved, though very reluctantly, to go to her grandmother, who received her kindly at firſt, but having no real and well-founded regard for any one, ſoon began to make her feel the weight of dependence; and her own vanity being mortified by the failure of her favourite's proſperity, ſhe could not help giving vent to her peeviſhneſs and ill humour, by reproaching the unfortunate Eliza, who, not uſed to command her temper, anſwered her with warpneſs and reſent-

ment

ment, ſo that they lived very miſerably together.

When Emma married Mr. Meadows, her ſiſter Eliza had affected to be mightily diſpleaſed that a tradeſman, a cabbage and carrot merchant, as ſhe was pleaſed to call him, ſhould be ſo nearly related to her. She diſdained to take any notice of Emma after ſhe had made ſo unworthy an alliance, and amuſed herſelf ſometimes among her intimate friends by deſcribing her ſiſter mounted in a market cart, and ſelling her greens about the ſtreets; for ſuch was the light in which ſhe choſe to repreſent the buſineſs Mr. Meadows followed.

Emma heard of all this, but, when it happened, it gave her no pain; and afterwards, when her ſiſter was ſo ſeverely humbled, ſhe was too generous not to try to forget it. Inſtead of triumphing, as a mean ſpirit and a bad heart would have incited ſome perſons to do, at the fall of her haughty ſiſter, ſhe went to her as ſoon as ſhe knew of her arrival, and treated her with more fondneſs and attention than ſhe did in her ſhouriſhing fortune. Mrs. Puffington was cruelly mortified at firſt, and was ſullen and reſerved; nor would ſhe accept of any ſervices from her ſiſter Emma, whom ſhe had been ſo much accuſtomed to deſpiſe. By degrees, however, the patience and

generous perſeverance of Mrs. Meadows conquered her pride and malignity; and Emma, who would have been too happy had it not been for the drawback on her ſiſter's infelicity, employed herſelf inceſſantly in promoting in Eliza a taſte for better things than the frivolous amuſements ſhe had left. Her ſon, unlike his little couſins, the children of Emma, was a poor, pale, peeviſh, and unhealthy boy, who had never been taught any thing; and becauſe he knew not what to do with himſelf, ſince he could no longer have a great many new playthings bought for him, and a black boy to wait upon him, over whom he might tyrannize, he was fretting and crying from morning till night, while his mother was ſo harraſſed by his importunity, that ſhe ſometimes wept too. Emma's boys, on the contrary, were uſed to be up at day-break, and go round the grounds with their father or grandfather; then having breakfaſted, they went to a ſchool for three hours to learn writing and arithmetic, and after dinner had the reſt of their time, either to play, or to cultivate a piece of garden-ground, which their father had given to each of them, and taught them how to manage. The profit of the products of theſe ſpots of ground was entirely their own, and there was a friendly emulation between them who

ſhould

ſhould produce the fineſt ſhrubs and moſt beautiful flowers. Theſe two boys were healthy and robuſt, and gaiety and pleaſure ſeemed always to follow them. At firſt they knew not what to make of their little puny couſin, who often went from them crying to his mother, complaining that they would not be his horſes, or carry him in a king's coach; but by degrees they underſtood the cauſe of his being ſo feeble both in body and mind, and pitied him; and from pitying, they began to attempt inſtructing him, till at laſt he learned to be a little more like them, got into better health, and promiſed to be of ſome uſe to his mother, and not an helpleſs burthen, as before was but too probable. Emma took almoſt entirely the management of both her ſiſter's children; and that ſiſter became every day more and more ſenſible of the fallacy of thoſe maxims and ideas which had miſled her in the beginning of her life. Her huſband, who was as worthleſs as ever, died in the Weſt Indies, but not till he had ſpent almoſt all his eſtate. Mrs. Bedworth did not live long after him. She left all ſhe poſſeſſed to Eliza, who with that and the wreck of her huſband's property, which Mr. Meadows aſſiſted her to collect, had a decent competency for herſelf and her children, and took a ſmall houſe in the neighbourhood

hood of her ſiſter, where ſhe was always pleaſed to have opportunities of ſaying how much happier Emma had been in the plain yet uſeful education ſhe had received, than ſhe herſelf in being the child of her grandmother's ill-placed vanity; while Emma rejoiced to ſee the triumph of reaſon over pride and prejudice, and felt her own happineſs augmented by the ſhare ſhe had in reſtoring content to her ſiſter.

DIALOGUE IV.

[FANNY, with a Letter in her Hand, runs into the Parlour, where her Aunt and Siſters are at Work.]

Fanny.

OH! ſiſter Mary, I have got ſuch a ridiculous thing to ſhew you; it will be delightful; I am ſure you will laugh for a week.

Mrs. Belmour. Pray, Fanny, may I have no part in your amuſement?

Fanny. It is only a piece of ſcribbled paper, Aunt; and——

Mrs. Belmour. And what then is there ſo very pleaſant in it?

Fanny. There is no harm in it, Aunt; it is only a bit of a letter, I believe.

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. And have you any right to read it? Is it yours?

Fanny. N—o—Aunt; but it was the ſpelling I thought ſo comical.

Mrs. Belmour. Comical? What is there comical pray in it? Since you have ſo improperly read it, do you know to whom it belongs?

Fanny. To Patty Jones, I believe, the houſemaid.

Mrs. Belmour. I thought you had known, Fanny Harland, that to read a letter or any paper belonging to another is one of the greateſt breaches of integrity, and one of the moſt unpardonable things a perſon can be guilty of. So you forget all that you have been told on that ſubject, and amuſe yourſelf with the bad ſpelling of poor Patty Jones's correſpondent?

Fanny. Dear, what harm did it do her? I ſhould not have ſaid a word to her about it, and our juſt laughing a little at the odd words would not have hurt her. See here, Aunt, I am ſure you will hardly be able to help laughing yourſelf. (*She begins to read, ridiculing as ſhe goes the miſſpelt words.*)

" *Dare Siſtur,*

" This *coms* to *lete* you *kno* as mother have *a ben verry hill, bot* is now *beter,* and *taks* it *verry* kind the *half-ginny* you ſent her by *Tommaſs Grom,* which was

verry

verry yuſeful to *hir* at that *tim*, *tims* been *verry* hard with us all *jus* now. Mother ſends her *duttyful* love to you, and *hops yure kineſs* to *hir* as not *diſtrees* you. *Jon dos wel* in *is plas*, and mother *hops* he will ſtop; ſo no more at *preſunt* from *dare* ſiſter Martha,

"*Yure loſing* ſiſter *tel deth*,
"KEZIA JONES."

Mrs. Belmour, (looking round on each of the children.)—I am glad to ſee that Fanny only finds any thing to laugh at, and for *her* I own my heart aches. Believe me, Fanny Harland, the perſon educated as you have been, who can find a ſubject for ridicule in this ſimple detail of a poor family, given by one member of it to another, muſt be at once thoughtleſs and wicked. Had *you* been in the ſituation of the poor girl who writes, do you imagine *you* would have written better? I much fear you would not have *acted* ſo well as ſhe, who, out of her ſmall wages, ſends half-a-guinea to her ſick mother. Is the poverty of the humble claſſes of life, poverty to which is owing the ignorance that you find ſo very amuſing, a proper ſubject of mirth? Do you ſuppoſe poor Kezia Jones, waiting on an infirm mother, has time to look in a dictionary? or was it likely ſhe could learn to ſpell at a village ſchool, where, perhaps, ſhe was taught to read at a penny a week?

week? It is very much to her honour, that in ſuch a condition of life, ſhe has learned to write at all. Indeed, Fanny, I am very ſorry for you; firſt, for your having read a letter which belongs to another; and ſecondly, for the poorneſs of ſpirit with which you ſeem arrogantly to aſſume a right of ridiculing the ignorance of a perſon, who, if ſhe had been taught as you have been, would probably have known better than to have violated ſuch a principle of rectitude, as that which forbids any perſon to pry into the letters of another. I will take care, however, that ſome benefit ſhall be derived from your folly; for, inſtead of the preſent I meant to have made you, together with your ſiſters, on Julia's birth-day, I ſhall now appropriate the half-guinea you would have coſt me to the uſe of Mrs. Jones. For once, therefore, ſome little good may come out of evil; but what, Fanny, ſhall reconcile you to yourſelf?

(Fanny, burſting into tears, quits the room.)

Sophia. Pray, dear, dear Aunt, forgive her. I will go without any thing that you were ſo good as to deſign for me, if you will not puniſh poor Fanny. Let me beg for her?

Mary in tears.—And I, Aunt, I will, go without my birth-day gift, with all my heart, ſend Dame Jones the money,

but I beg and pray of you not to puniſh Fanny.

Louiſa throwing her arms round Mrs. Belmour's neck, and ſobbing.) Little Louiſa prays and begs too, Aunt. Oh, do not be ſo angry with poor Fanny, ſhe did not mean any harm. I cannot play and be happy on Julia's birth-day, if Fanny is ſorrowful.

Sophia. Pray, Aunt, pardon her. She may be thoughtleſs and idle when ſhe is in high ſpirits, but ſhe has not a bad heart.

Mrs. Belmour. Louiſa, my little ſimpleton, ſit on my lap; and you, Mary, dry your eyes. It is fit that Fanny, who has too often been guilty of errors of the ſame ſort, ſhould be made ſenſible of her faults; but I will rather attempt reclaiming her by reaſon than by puniſhment. She will ſubmit to the penance I have inflicted, however, from that I ſhall not recede, and ſhe ſhall beg Patty's pardon, and preſent her with the half-guinea. You ſay, Sophy, and I hope and believe it is true, that Fanny has not a bad heart. I do not, however, much love the expreſſion. For I ſee every day people who do all ſorts of wrong things, who ruin themſelves, and make every body miſerable that belongs to them, of whom ſome ſilly advocate or other cries out, "It is true Mr. Fortinbraſs has

ſquandered

ſquandered away his fortune, and makes his wife very unhappy. They ſay too, he is very proud, and has an intolerably violent temper; but every body agrees that he has *not a bad* heart. Then there is dear Mrs. Flowerdew; ſhe, it is true, has been talked of for her eccentric conduct; ſhe has taken no trouble about her children, but paſſes all her time in racketting about; yet I am told ſhe has a very good heart." From ſuch good hearts I hope all my children will be exempt, nor ever learn to fancy that the cant of having a good heart is to paſs as an excuſe for all ſorts of folly. I have ſeldom ſeen a good heart where there was not alſo a good underſtanding. A boy or girl who is told they have this innate quality of goodneſs of heart, never think it neceſſary to reaſon on any thing they ſee, but are hurried away by the weakneſs of their heads, till their hearts, if they ever were good, are corrupted and hardened. It is among that rank of perſons that poor Fanny has been laughing at, where good hearts, uninfected with the fallacious parade of ſentiment, are very often found; of which I met with an inſtance the other day that affected me extremely.

You remember what I related to you once, and I believe it is told in one of Madame de Genlis's books, of La Roſiere, at Salency, in France, where, with a marriage

a marriage portion, a crown of roſes was yearly given to the girl of the village who had the moſt ſuffrages from the elder people, for duty to her parents, and induſtry, prudence, and neatneſs. This little eſtabliſhment was found to be attended with ſuch happy effects, that many other places adopted ſomething like it; and at the village of Beaujoye, on the banks of the Rhone, the Seigneur, or, as we ſhould ſay here, Lord of the Manor, inſtituted a little feſtival of the ſame nature every third year, on the cloſe of the vintage, when the young man of the hamlet under twenty, who had the beſt character for honeſty, ſobriety, induſtry, and filial piety, was to receive five hundred livres (or what was at that time equal to about five-and-twenty pounds ſterling), to help to ſet him up as a farmer, or vine dreſſer, and furniſh his cottage, if he choſe to marry and ſettle.

It happened in the year 1783, that Pierre Poiret and Philippe Le Beau, two young peaſants and intimate friends, were both ſo highly reſpected by the old people of the village, that on their meeting to conſult on their reſpective claims to the prize, it ſeemed very difficult to decide to which of them it ſhould be given —They each were willing to reſign it to the other; and this generous conteſt

was

was on the point of being terminated by a petition from the villagers to their Lord to divide the reward, when, the preceding day, it was neceſſary for Pierre to accompany his mother, and Cecile his ſiſter, acroſs the Rhone, on a viſit to an ancient man, the grandfather of Pierre, who was likely to die.—Philippe, who was the lover of Cecile, as well as the friend of Pierre her brother, deſired to accompany them, and to aſſiſt in their little navigation. The Rhone is a river which is particularly dangerous to croſs at ſome ſeaſons of the year. In returning their bark was overſet, and Pierre, in endeavouring to aſſiſt Philippe in ſaving his mother and ſiſter, was drowned.

His friend, at the riſk of his own life, had brought him out of the water. It was too late, and there was reaſon to believe he had ſtruck his head againſt the boat, for all efforts to recover him were vain. The diſtraction of the ſurvivors is not to be deſcribed; ſadly for them aroſe the morning once ſo delightful to every heart in the village, when the tabors called all its inhabitants to the feſtival.—The cottage of Thereſe, the mother of Pierre, which uſed to be adorned with garlands, and the turf ſeats on each ſide the door ſhaded with branches of oak and cheſnut, mingled with feſtoons of vines tied up by the hands of Cecile—this cot-

tage,

tage, once the abode of happy poverty and cheerful labour, was now the ſeat of anguiſh and mourning. Its windows were ſhut, and the unhappy inhabitants retired to the back rooms, that they might not hear the joyous proceſſion, in which the ſon and brother, whoſe recent loſs they deplored, was to have been a party. Philippe, heart-ſtruck by the death of his friend, and unable to bear the ſight of the grief in which his family were plunged, had hid himſelf in the woods, from whence it was with great difficulty he was forced to receive the prize deſtined to him by the united voices of the whole village. Inſtead, however, of accepting it in the uſual form, he led the aſſembly to the termination of a mountain, that half clothed with vines, and on its ſteeper acclivities ſhagged with heath and broom, hung over the village. There, near a fountain that guſhed from its rocky boſom, roſe a group of old cypreſs trees. On one of them Philippe had hung, as a memorial of his lamented friend, two oars covered with crape, and within a wreath of weeping willow was inſcribed the name of Pierre, the day of his birth, and the manner of his death.—On approaching this monument of his affection for his friend he threw himſelf on his knees, and while tears and ſighs prevented his diſtinctly uttering the

the words he meditated, he laid the prize on this little altar raiſed to Friendſhip; and the garland labelled

" Au plus digne,"

with which his head had been juſt decorated, he placed under the name of his beloved friend, adding,

" Helas! il étoit plus digne que moi."

Nor could he be perſuaded to reſerve any part of the money. He carried it to Thereſe and Cecile; and, after ſome time, found all the conſolation he was capable of receiving in ſupplying, as the huſband of Cecile, the place of the ſon and brother they had loſt.

Sophia. I am ſure thoſe two peaſants were a great deal more reſpectable than many gentlemen.

Mrs. Belmour. Moſt undoubtedly they were. I am afraid inſtances of friendſhip, in modern life, are indeed very rare; and what is often called friendſhip is a factitious ſort, and means only a convention of policy, or intereſt, or amuſement.

My two peaſant boys of the Lyonnois may ſerve however to ſhew, that there are hearts in the humbleſt ſtations capable of

of generous and diſintereſted friendſhip. —There too, though no opportunity may ever call them forth, are often virtues, which, if they are chilled by poverty and ignorance in the labourer, are ſtifled by proſperity in the higher ranks of life. We will recollect what the moſt beautiful elegy that ever was written ſays on this ſubject :—

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or waked to ecſtacy the living lyre:

. . . . . .

Some village Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell, guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Sophia. I underſtand who Milton and Cromwell were, but I never quite comprehended what was meant by Hampden.

Mrs. Belmour. John Hampden was the glorious aſſertor of Engliſh Liberty, who, when Charles the Firſt attempted to levy a tax, called Ship-money, without the conſent of Parliament, that is, to convert the money appropriated by each county for a ſhip of war to his own uſe, reſiſted the encroachment and refuſed to pay it. He died in the cauſe of which he

he had lived the moſt ſtrenuous aſſertor, for he was ſhot in a ſkirmiſh between the King's forces and thoſe of the Parliament at a place called Chalgrave Field about ten miles from Oxford.

Your queſtion, Sophy, has led me, I knōw not how, from the faults of poor Fanny to Chalgrave Field. We will now ſeparate. I have ſome houſehold buſineſs to ſettle, and do you go to your ſiſter Fanny. You know my diſpleaſure is never of very long duration, when the offender is ſenſible of her error; ſooth Fanny's mind with aſſurances of my forgiveneſs; take your walk in the garden, and we will meet at dinner as good friends.

DIALOGUE V.

[Mrs. BELMOUR and MARY.]

Mary.

AUNT, I am tired of play; I will come and ſit with you.

Mrs. Belmour. Tired of play, Mary! that is, indeed, quite a new thing.—I hope you have not diſagreed about your amuſements.

Mary. No, I have not; but my ſiſter Fanny and the two Miſs Willis's ſeem

ſeem not to like that Louiſa and I ſhould play with them; they ſay we are too little; and, for my part, I do not care enough about it to cry, as Louiſa does, and like quite as well to ſit with you, Aunt. You will tell me the names of theſe flowers, and if you will lend me your pencil and colours, I will try to draw ſome of them. Here is an honeyſuck, the moſt beautiful I have ſeen in the garden; a briar-roſe, a ſweet pea, and a ſmall carnation: they are all too hard for me. Miſs Charlotte Willis did nothing but laugh when I ſhewed her my attempts to draw, and ſaid that it was ſad ſcribbling ſtuff, not better than her little brother's; but ſhe never likes to allow that any of us can do any thing.

Mrs. Belmour. My dear Mary, if you are diſcouraged by ſuch criticiſm as that of Charlotte Willis, you will never do any thing.—Learn, my child, to be above that little paltry envy, which, if you liſten to it, will check every attempt at excellence.—I would, by no means, have you vain and above correction; on the contrary, I wiſh to ſee you liſten with good humour to opinions, however rudely given; but be not too ſeriouſly mortified with them: to be too eaſily depreſſed is as bad as to have, while yet a learner, all the confidence of a maſter, and to ſuppoſe, as I believe Charlotte Willis

Willis does herſelf, that nobody is equal to her.

But, my dear Mary, ſince you pay me the compliment of coming to ſit with me on a day which, on account of its being the birth-day of Julius, is dedicated to amuſement, I cannot think of denying you the requeſt you make for drawing materials; but tell me if Louiſa, who is, you ſay, as little acceptable to the party in the garden as you are, would not like to be with you? Go and ſee, while I look for what you want.

(Mary goes and returns with Louiſa.)

Mrs. Belmour. Well! here you are both. Poor Louiſa! you ſeem more tired than Mary was. What! have you been crying?

Louiſa. Yes, Aunt, a little; for ſiſter Fanny and the two Miſs Willis's, and that couſin of theirs, that ill-natured Miſs Clandon, will not let me play with them; and they are making believe to have an houſe in the ſummer-houſe, and are ſo happy—and I am tired.

Mrs. Belmour. Tired, my dear Louiſa, of doing nothing.—You have remarked to me, that when you did nothing but play all day, that day always ſeemed twice as long as one of thoſe when you are confined for ſome hours to your reading and work; therefore, if you are wearied with play, come ſit with me and

and Mary; and though you cannot yet manage a pencil yourſelf, you ſhall ſee the progreſs of Mary's ſketch of this little blue flower—and while ſhe does it, I will tell you how this plant is metamorphoſed into ſuch a piece of cambrick as I am hemming.—When you are acquiring any uſeful knowledge, never envy the young ladies who are amuſing themſelves in the ſummer-houſe.

This ſmall blue flower, which ſingly appears of no more conſequence than the ſtellaria, or any of the ſimpleſt plants on our hedge-row banks, is the flax, in Latin *linum*, from whence is derived the word linen, and *linon* or lawn.

Great quantities of it are ſown in many parts of England; ſtill more in Scotland and Ireland. When fit to gather, it is taken by the flax-dreſſers, who paſs it through water, and ſtrip the ſlender ſtalks of the rind; then it becomes in a ſtate to ſplit, and again undergoes a proceſs to prepare it for the wheel. Being ſo far manufactured, it is ſpun into thread, more or leſs fine according to the purpoſe it is intended for. The very fineſt is as minute as the ſmalleſt hair, and is appropriated to the lace makers; that is, of courſe, a very fine ſort of which cambric is made, and of which there was a great manufactory at Cambray, in Flanders, from whence it is called

called cambric: we alſo imitate this delicate manufacture in Scotland, but have not yet brought it to ſuch perfection as it is made in Flanders, and ſome other parts of France.

Having ſuppoſed our little ſimple plant making a part of a piece of fine linen, we will now follow it through another ſtage, and ſee it compoſing a ſheet of writing paper.

For this purpoſe, all ſcraps and remnants of linen are collected by perſons whoſe buſineſs it is, and who give ſo much a pound to ſervants and others who think it worth while to ſave them to ſell. It is then ſorted and ſent to the paper-mill, where, by a proceſs which you find related at length in "Evenings at Home," it is reduced to a ſoft white pulp. It is next, by means of wire frames receiving this paſte and letting the water through, made into ſheets of paper, more or leſs white and fine according to the nicety with which it is made. When we reflect on the infinite advantage this laſt manufacture has been to mankind, and how much the ſtate of the world has been improved by the arts of paper-making and printing, our veneration for this little uſeful plant is even greater than that created by the ſervice it does in furniſhing us with linen. I have often thought it ſtrange that the Romans, who, in conſequence

ſequence of their extenſive conqueſts, became the moſt luxurious people on earth, never diſcovered the art of making linen from flax or hemp, which is a coarſer plant of the ſame kind. Their clothing, though repreſented as very magnificent, embroidered with purple, and often with gold, was woven only of wool; and in a Dialogue of the Dead written by the celebrated Voltaire, he makes Tullia, the beautiful and accompliſhed daughter of Cicero, (who was the greateſt orator the world ever ſaw), admire the ſuperior elegance of the toilet of an Engliſh lady, and ſay, that, with all the luxurious accommodations they had at Rome, they had neither ſtockings nor linen; for which we would think the finery of their ſandals attached with gold cords, or their embroidered veſts faſtened with diamond lockets, made but a poor compenſation.

Bring me "The Botanic Garden" hither, and we will ſee if any mention is made of the plant we are ſpeaking of. Yes; here we find it.

Inventreſs of the wool, fair Lina flings
Her flying ſhuttle thro' the dancing ſtrings;
Inlaid the broider'd weft with flow'ry dyes,
Quick beat the reeds, the pedals fall and riſe;
Slow from the beam the lengths of warp unwind,
And dance and nod the maſſy weight behind.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Five

Five ſiſter nymphs, with dewy fingers twine,
The beamy flax, and ſtretch the fibre line;
Quick eddying threads from rapid ſpindles reel,
Or hurl with beating foot the dizzy wheel.

Poetry, however beautiful, and ſtrengthened by appropriate epithets, does not, I think, convey, at leaſt to young people, clear ideas of a manufacture. Indeed it is difficult to do it in proſe, as you remember I could not make even Sophy comprehend how printing was performed, till I took her to a printing-houſe; and I never could myſelf underſtand how that beautiful tapeſtry was made at the Gobelins at Paris, till I paſſed above two hours among the workmen.

Do you recollect the fine tapeſtry we ſaw at Lord D———'s, and remember how nearly it equalled painting, except that the colours are ſometimes too brilliant and gaudy? It is amuſing enough to follow the progreſs of a lock of wool on the back of a ſheep, till, having undergone the different operations of waſhing, combing, ſpinning, dying, and forming into fine worſted, it compoſes a part of Cleopatra's face, or helps to make out the robe of Cæſar fallen at the foot of Pompey's ſtatue.

Mary. I do not know enough of thoſe ſtories, Aunt. You told me you would buy for me a Roman Hiſtory.

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. And I will, when I think you old enough, not to learn ſuch things as they are generally learned merely by rote, and as a taſk, which is diſmiſſed from the mind as ſoon as it has been chattered over, without making any impreſſion. At preſent, there are many acquiſitions that are, I think, better fitted to your age, and more likely to give you pleaſure. I wiſh you to learn the names of all the trees, ſhrubs, flowers, and vegetables, which are every day before your eyes, and, without profeſſedly ſtudying botany, to have delight in being acquainted with the indigenous or native plants of the country you live in: I do not mean all that clothe the ground; the trees of the woods, the aquatic plants, or thoſe that grow on rocks, walls, or on the roofs of houſes. It may ſuffice at preſent for you to know the commoneſt and moſt obvious. For this purpoſe, I have contrived for you and ſuch of your ſiſters as like to learn it, a ſort of Kalendar of Flora in verſe; I have ſtudied leſs to make the poetry fine than comprehenſible: but you know we agreed the other day that rhyme is a great help to the memory; for, when I wanted to recollect how many days there were in each month, I was forced to go to the old rhyming quatrain of—

Thirty

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the reſt have thirty-one,
Except February alone;

which to be ſure is not poetry, but the facts would not have been ſo eaſily recollected in proſe.

We will, therefore, try the effect of my Floral Kalendar, which I will read to you, and then you ſhall copy it fair.

The Kalendar of FLORA.

I.

Fair riſing from her icy couch,
Wan herald of the Floral year,
The ſnow-drop marks the ſpring's approach;
Ere yet the primroſe groups appear,
Or peers the arum from its ſpotted veil,
Or odorous violets ſcent the cold capricious gale.

II.

Then, thickly ſtrewn in woodland bowers,
Anemonies their ſtars unfold:
Then ſpring the ſorrel's veined flowers;
And, rich in vegetable gold,
From calyx pale, the freckled cowſlips born,
Receive in jaſper cups the fragrant dews of morn.

III.

Lo! the green thorn her ſilver buds
Expands to Maia's genial beam;
Hottonia bluſhes on the floods;
And, where the ſlowly-trickling ſtream,
'Mid graſs and ſpiry ruſhes, ſtealing glides,
Her lovely fringed flowers fair Menyanthus hides.

Note: For an explanation of theſe plants, ſee the two laſt pages of the volume.

IV.

In the lone copſe or ſhadowy dale,
Wild cluſter'd knots of harebells blow,
And droops the lily of the vale
O'er vinca's matted leaves below;
The orchis race with varied beauty charm,
And mock the exploring bee, or fly's aërial form.

V.

Wound o'er the hedge-row's oaken boughs,
The woodbine's taſſels float in air,
And, bluſhing, the uncultur'd roſe
Hangs high her beauteous bloſſoms there;
Her fillets there the purple nightſhade weaves,
And pale brionia winds her broad and ſcallop'd leaves.

VI.

To later ſummer's fragrant breath
Clematis' feathery garlands dance;
The hollow fox-glove nods beneath;
While the tall mullein's yellow lance
(Dear to the mealy tribe of evening) towers,
And the weak galium weaves its myriad fairy flowers.

VII.

Sheltering the coot's or wild duck's neſt,
And where the timid halcyon hides,
The willow herb, in crimſon dreſt,
Waves with arundo o'er the tides;
And there the bright nymphæa loves to lave,
Or ſpreads her golden orbs along the dimpling wave.

VIII.

And thou! by pain and ſorrow bleſt,
Papaver! that an opiate dew
Conceal'ſt beneath thy ſcarlet veſt,
Contraſting with cyanus blue;
Autumnal months behold thy gauzy leaves
Bend in the ruſtling gale amid the tawny ſheaves.

From

IX.

From the firſt bud, whoſe venturous head
The winter's lingering tempeſt braves,
To thoſe which, 'mid the foliage dead,
Shrink lateſt to their annual graves,
All are for uſe, for health, for pleaſure given,
All ſpeak in various ways the bounteous hand of Heaven!

DIALOGUE VI.

[Mrs. BELMOUR, SOPHIA, FANNY, MARY, and LOUISA, employed in different occupations.—LIONEL comes in laughing.]

Mrs. Belmour.

LIONEL, you are very much amuſed, methinks. Pray what have you met with ſo very entertaining?

Lionel. Ha! ha! ha! The moſt ridiculous thing. Ha! ha! ha! I ſhall die with laughing.

Mrs. Belmour. Pray let us partake of your mirth? where is Julius? Is he as much delighted?

Lionel. No.—he is ſuch a quiz, that he ſees no fun in it. Ha! ha! ha!

Mary. I am afraid then it is miſchief.

Lionel. Heigh, Miſs Prim! I wonder what buſineſs you have to be afraid.

Sophia. Why you know, Lionel, you are always teaſing ſomebody or other, and call it quizzing them. Now Julius finds no pleaſure in any thing that hurts another perſon.

Lionel. Oh! this did not hurt the old fudge; it only frightened her, and made her jump about a little. I warrant the old girl has not moved thoſe mill-poſts, that ſhe has got by way of legs, ſo nimbly theſe fifty years. Ha! ha! ha! I ſhall never forget it.

Mrs. Belmour. What have you been doing, Lionel? I am afraid you have been perſecuting ſome poor perſon.

Lionel. No, Aunt, it was not I; it was Frederic Findlay, and ſome more of them, who—ha! ha! ha!—I cannot tell it without laughing—ſet fire to an old woman.

(Mrs. Belmour, and all the ſiſters exclaiming at once,) Lionel! what can you mean? You really terrify us.

Lionel. Lord, Aunt! it was only frolic; and beſides, it was to try an experiment.

Mrs. Belmour (in great diſpleaſure.) An experiment?

Lionel. Yes, Aunt, and I tell you how it was: it was an experiment with a burning glaſs. You know we heard t'other day about collecting the rays of the ſun by a lens, as the man called it, (who,

(who, by the by, was as great a quiz as ever was); and all about how fire, you know, was produced in that way, and ſo on.

Mrs. Belmour. And was all the uſe you made of your knowledge to do miſchief, and hurt a poor defenceleſs old woman?

Lionel. Lord! Aunt, I tell you it was not I, it was Findlay; and beſides it did not do her the leaſt harm in the world; it will do her good, indeed; for ſhe ſet up ſuch a yell, and her daughter, and her grand-daughter, and great grand-daughter, and couſins, and aunts, and ſiſters, with all their generation, made ſuch an uproar, that at laſt it got to the ears of Fred's mother; and ſhe has promiſed the old twaddle to buy her a new gown and petticoat, and handkerchief, better than thoſe ſhe had, and beſides gave her a guinea. I am ſure half the old women in the pariſh would conſent to be blown up if ſuch an amends were made them.

Mrs. Belmour. You really terrify and amaze me.

Lionel. Why, Aunt, there's nothing to be terrified at; I will tell you how it was. (*To his ſiſters*) Lord! girls, how you all ſtare at one, as if you would eat one! Why there's no occaſion to look as if London was burnt down; I will tell you

you how it was: The old woman ſat at the door of one of the poor houſes down yonder upon the common a-knitting. Frederic Findlay had juſt got this burning glaſs that he bought in town; it came down with his trunk, and he was in a great hurry to try ſome experiment with it: ſo firſt he ſinged the back of a pig that lay faſt aſleep in Farmer Batſon's yard, till up jumped the pig and ſet off full ſqueal, thinking to be ſure he was going to be ſinged before he was killed—but he was off as ſoon as his briſtles began to ſmoke. We thought the old lady would not run quite ſo faſt; for ſome of us talked to her, while Frederic applied his glaſs juſt to her poll, and preſently her handkerchief was in a blaze; but it could not hurt her I will aſſure you; Frederic popped his hand upon the fire, and put it out in a minute; only you would have thought ſhe had been in the middle of a bonfire, ſhe made ſuch a piece of work: I aſſure you, the place that was burnt was not bigger than half-a-crown. I cannot help laughing now, when I think of the faces ſhe made.

Mrs. Belmour. My dear girls, I am at once grieved and glad to ſee by your countenances the way in which you take this. And ſo, Lionel, there is ſo little of manlineſs, of humanity, in your character, that you can find amuſement in

an

an action ſo cruel, ſo unworthy, ſo cowardly. Your brother was not with you, you ſay?

Lionel. No; he is never in a humour to have the leaſt fun. He ſaw the pig, and ſaid, that was enough for him, and that if we did not leave off, he would certainly complain of us.

Mrs. Belmour. But you, Sir, proceeded—not only againſt your own ſenſe of what was right, but againſt the remonſtrance of your brother.

Lionel. Why, one might as well be ſhut up at ſchool, as never to have any amuſement.

Mrs. Belmour. And can you find no amuſement but in unmanly cruelty? in inſulting and terrifying a fellow-creature, and aggravating by fear the misfortunes of poverty and old age? Shall I never have the comfort of ſeeing that you have learned to follow the beſt of all maxims and commrnds—Do unto others as you would they ſhould do unto you?—Put yourſelf for a moment in the place of this poor woman.

Lionel. (*laughing.*) Lord! I can't fancy myſelf an old woman.

Mrs. Belmour. Let me tell you, Mr. Lionel, you have not the heart of a young man.

Lionel. That I have: I'll fight any boy

boy of our form; aye, or the next above, either.

Mrs. Belmour. And does heart then conſiſt only in brutal courage? in daring to commit outrages and daring to defend them?—No, unfortunate boy! A really manly heart is never cruel. Cowards are cruel; brave men are humane to every thing that lives; and ſome of the baſeſt as well as weakeſt men I know are thoſe who in their infancy were accuſtomed to acts of barbarity, who ſhewed mean jealouſy and hatred towards their ſiſters, and, as they became older, were diſtinguiſhed at ſchool for nothing but a vulgar gluttony, and at the univerſity, or in the army, for dirty vices.

Lionel, (ſomewhat mortified.) I don't know, Aunt, why you ſhould be ſo very angry; I have told you it was not I that did this, and it was only a boy's trick.

Mrs. Belmour. But you laughed at and encouraged the worthleſs boy that did it.—O Lionel! the time will, I am afraid, come, when you will recollect all this with ſorrow—the time when you will have cured all your friends of loving you, as I declare to you you have almoſt contrived to do with me already: and as a proof that I deſire no perſon to remain with me who is devoid of feeling, I ſhall ſend you back to your father this evening, and give him my reaſons for doing ſo.

Mary.

Mary. No, pray, Aunt—I entreat you paſs it over for this once; you know my papa is ſo paſſionate, that he will puniſh him ſo—

Mrs. Belmour. And, indeed, Mary, he deſerves it. How can he who will not ſhew mercy, expect it? Lionel is pleaſed to ſay that he cannot fancy himſelf an old woman. So the hackney coachman or drayman, who ſhocks us by his cruelty to the uſeful and intereſting animal by which he procures his ſubſiſtence, will gravely argue that they are not hurt, when he ſcourges them or bruiſes them. —*He* can as little fancy himſelf an horſe, as this unfortunate boy can ſuppoſe himſelf an old woman.—But is it to ſuch brutalized men, a brother of yours ſhould bear to be compared? Go, Sir; on the interceſſion of your ſiſters, you ſhall ſtay another day, and I wiſh it was in my power to forgive you. Leave me now—your preſence gives me pain.

Sophia. I hope, Aunt, you will forgive him this boy's trick; boys will be boys.

Mrs. Belmour. That is talking nonſenſe, Sophy; let boys be boys, but never let ſuch cant as that be brought forward to excuſe their not being human creatures. It is gaiety, good humour, innocent playfulneſs, even a little of what is called unluckineſs in boys, that

may be more than tolerated; but the moment any degree of cruelty enters into their frolics, depend upon it the boy who imagines and executes it will be a baſe and hateful character.

Louiſa. My dear Aunt, do you know that I am almoſt ſure this poor woman is old Ruth Pattin! for ſhe is very old, and the boys are always teaſing her; and one day, when I was walking with Mary, ſhe ſcolded ſome of the village boys for calling her an old witch, and crying ſomething about burning her, which I did not underſtand, for it frightened me.

Mrs. Belmour. Poor creature! I know that old perſon well: ſhe is, they ſay, upwards of eighty, and has outlived not only all her children, but her faculties. I will enquire about her, and ſee what amends I can make for the ſhare this idle, thoughtleſs boy of ours has had in this unworthy exploit.

Fanny. I will give her a ſhilling with all my heart.

Sophia. I will give her two, if you will let me.

Mrs. Belmour. And you, Mary?

Mary. All I have I will give her, my dear Aunt: but *(ſighing)* it is not ſo much as my ſiſters. However, I will tell you, Aunt, how I will make it up to her; I will work to help to make all her new clothes.

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. My dear little girl, let me embrace you for that conſiderate ſort of charity; there are many ways by which one may ſerve the poor without giving them money.—And you, Louiſa.

Louiſa. I will hem her handkerchief, Aunt, and the borders of her caps; and I will give her this ſixpence, which I ſaved becauſe it was a new one, and give me for a keepſake.

Mrs. Belmour. Well, having ſettled all this, we will take our evening walk towards the common, when we go out after dinner, and viſit the poor old woman ourſelves.

Sophia. I do not quite underſtand what is meant by witches.—I ſaw people, old men, I believe, that were dreſſed up to look as ugly as poſſible, in the play of Macbeth, but I was neither frightened nor amuſed by them.

Mrs. Belmour. You have read a paper in the Spectator about Moll White, a poor old woman, who was a reputed witch in the ſuppoſed neighbourhood of Sir Roger de Coverly?

Sophia. Yes, but I did not underſtand it much better than the other; I want to know what is meant by a witch?

Mrs. Belmour. A witch is an human being, who is ſuppoſed to have acquired ſupernatural power, by communication with evil ſpirits, and from thence to have obtained

obtained the means of tormenting his or her fellow-creatures, for witches were of both ſexes; but a man ſuſpected of this extraordinary commerce was called a ſorcerer, a necromancer, or a magician.—It is difficult to gueſs why an old woman, the moſt helpleſs and generally the moſt feeble of our ſpecies, ſhould have been pitched upon by vulgar apprehenſion as having theſe powers over the elements and over the health and lives of others; but even within the memory of perſons now living, and I think I have heard not above forty years ago, a poor old man and woman were ſeized upon by the miſguided populace at a town in Hertfordſhire, and ſo ill-uſed under pretence of their being witches, that one, if not both of them, died under the hands of their inhuman perſecutors; for which ſome of thoſe miſguided wretches who perpetrated ſuch cruelty were hanged.—So popular was once this opinion, which to us appears ſuch extreme nonſenſe, that James the Firſt of England, and the ſixth of that name King of Scotland, in whoſe perſon the two crowns were united, thought it worthy of his royal talents to write a book called Baſilicon Doron, which related to witches and apparitions; and as the credulity of the King became of courſe faſhionable among the people, ſeveral acts were made in his

reign

reign for the puniſhment of perſons detected of witch-craft.—This folly, like many others, has vaniſhed, as reaſon, by the help of that invaluable machine, the preſs, has diſmiſſed us from the trammels of ſuperſtition and prejudice.—The witch is diſmounted from her broom-ſtick, and the monk is no longer called from his cell to exorciſe her, or to ſend the unquiet ſpirit into the Red Sea.—I believe it would now be difficult to find a reputed witch even among the fells of the North, or the barren mountains of Scotland, where they lingered laſt. Yet, I remember a ſtory when I was a girl, and uſed to viſit an old relation of mine in Weſtmoreland. about a witch and an haunted houſe too.

Fanny and Mary ſpeaking together.

Oh! pray tell us, my dear Aunt—pray do tell us.

Mrs. Belmour. What ſays Sophy? Would it not be better of a long winter evening?

Sophia. Oh? no; tell us now, or you will perhaps forget it.

Mrs. Belmour. Well then, ſhall I begin a true goſſip's tale with——

You muſt know there was, once upon a time—No—I muſt tell it my own way.

On a wild and dreary tract of country on the borders of Weſtmoreland, called a Wold, which is in ſome places a ſort of

of hilly heath, in others a black and marſhy moor, there was a ſolitary cottage built by a man who paſſed for a very odd perſon: ſome ſaid he was a madman, others that he had committed a murder, and others ſuppoſed him to be a ſpy—though no place could be ſo ill calculated as that he had choſen for the exerciſe of ſuch a profeſſion.

The peaſantry of the neighbouring country had an extreme dread of him; for none knew how he lived, and none had ever been admitted to his cottage, where it was ſuppoſed he reſided by himſelf. There was a wood adjoining to the wold on the ſide next his abode, and through part of it lay the road to a market, at eight miles diſtance: this wood, which had formerly belonged to the large domain of an ancient family now gone to decay, had a very ill name. —An human ſkeleton had been found in it, and ſome of the moſt ſagacious of the neighbouring countrymen had hinted, that theſe remains were thoſe of the perſon whom "the Strange Man" had killed; yet, in the paths of this gloomy wood, and croſſing the wold towards it, late of a night as they returned from market, this myſterious unknown being was often met by the terrified ruſtics.—He paſſed them ſometimes in ſilence, at other times bade them good night in an hollow

hollow voice, which they declared was not human. The dread he inſpired was at length ſuch, that many of the people whoſe buſineſs led them that way were uſed to croſs a dangerous ford rather than go through this wood, or venture an evening meeting with "the Strange Man." This continued for ſome years: attempts were made by ſome of the farmers to get a warrant againſt him to take him up; but as he was perfectly inoffenſive, never troubled himſelf with them, and never ſolicited pariſh aſſiſtance, there was no juſtice who would grant it—till at length a weak and arrogant man, who loved to ſhew his power, iſſued one: but juſt as the people who were to ſerve it reached the wold, a ſtorm aroſe ſo violent and unuſual in its effects, that the conſtable and his followers, convinced of the ſupernatural power of "the Strange Man," fled in diſmay, and thought themſelves fortunate that they were not carried quite away in a whirlwind, which they doubted not he had raiſed by magic to defeat their purpoſe.

The empty and half-ruined Manor Houſe, to which the wood had formerly belonged, was alſo an object of terror to thoſe ſuperſtitious and ignorant people. It had not been inhabited for many years; but a grange or farm-yard adjoining to it was rented by a farmer, whoſe men

declared

declared that in thoſe nights of winter, when they had occaſion to ſtay late in theſe buildings about the farm-yard, they ſaw lights gliding about the old houſe, heard unaccountable noiſes—and one even went ſo far as to relate that he ſaw by moon-light a pale and ghaſtly face at one of the windows. The man was frequently ſeen ſtealing about among the ruins of the old buildings, and thoſe who had courage enough to gaze at him, even at a diſtance, obſerved that he became more and more emaciated in his appearance: ſometimes he ſuddenly ruſhed out of the wood, and paſſed acroſs the path before ſome affrighted peaſant. At length that part of the country was almoſt entirely deſerted; the market-people made another way, to avoid the wold and the wood: but ſuch as had, after a time, courage to paſs, declared, that "the Strange Man" was gone.—None now ſaw him, and yet a little ſmoke ſometimes aſcended from the chimney of his cottage.—Some perſons, whoſe curioſity got the better of their fears, took occaſion to peep in at the window, and ſaid they plainly diſtinguiſhed an old woman of very frightful appearance. An itinerant dealer in fiſh, who travelled that country, was the only perſon that knew who now reſided in the cottage: he carried ſome proviſions thither once a week;

week; but the myſtery he obſerved, and the ſtrange ſtories he invented, as if with a purpoſe to miſlead curioſity, ſerved only to irritate the violent deſire which ſome of the farmer's wives and other goſſips had to find out who the perſon was whom they now choſe to call "the Witch of the Wold."

It happened about this time that an infectious diſtemper broke out in that country among the cattle, and ſeveral of the farmers were entirely ruined.—Inſtead of rationally conſidering the cauſe of this, and of endeavouring to cure it by ſuch remedies as common ſenſe pointed out, they took it into their heads that the poor ſolitary being whom they called "the Witch of the Wold," had brought this calamity upon them; and, without waiting for the interpoſition of juſtice, they aſſembled in a body with pitchforks and ſtaves, and ſurrounded her houſe: ſhe opened the door to them, and they ruſhed in.

They found in this hut, which merely conſiſted of two ground rooms, ſeveral things that confirmed their opinion: there was a mariner's compaſs, a quadrant, and ſome other mathematical inſtruments;—ſeveral books in languages they could make nothing of, and which they therefore concluded treated of the black art.—There were ſome ſhells and dried

dried plants and infects, which they were ſure were collected as materials for the ſorcereſs, and the only living animals were two cats; but every thing elſe was mere neceſſary furniture, and not better than that which they themſelves poſſeſſed. The appearance of the old woman, however, would have been enough to have convicted her: ſhe was thin and pale, bent almoſt double, and her countenance, furrowed with wrinkles, expreſſed a ſort of wild melancholy, which her perſecutors believed an evidence of guilt. —The poor creature ſubmitted almoſt without a remonſtrance to their cruel uſage; and to their fierce interrogatories as to what was become of the man who once lived in the cottage? ſhe anſwered, that after having kept his bed many months, he died; and ſhe had, according to his own deſire, buried him on the wold, near their hut.

She was then extremely ill-treated, and almoſt tortured, becauſe ſhe refuſed to tell who he was.—She ſaid that ſhe had ſolemnly ſworn never to reveal it; that they might kill her if they would, but that nothing ſhe could ſuffer ſhould induce her to diſcloſe a ſecret, which to know would be of no uſe to them, while it would be breaking a promiſe ſhe held ſacred.

They

They accuſed her of having occaſioned all the misfortunes that had lately happened in their neighbourhood.—One woman ſaid, that her poor little Jacky's fits had come upon him the very day after he paſſed over the wold, and that he had then received a ſtroke from an evil eye; another declared that her only cow had grazed one day upon the wold, and had ſickened directly and died; and a third, a labourer, aſſerted, that at the time the lightning fired his maſter's hay-ſtack, he had ſeen this very old woman ride through the air on a broomſtick.

Numberleſs other charges were brought againſt her, and they were proceeding to tie her legs and arms and throw her into the river, it being decided that if ſhe ſwam in that ſituation ſhe was certainly a witch: ſo that the poor creature undergoing ſuch a diſcipline had in no caſe a chance for her life; for, if ſhe was thus convicted of witchcraft, ſhe would be tortured to death; if ſhe ſunk, ſhe would inevitably be drowned.

But juſt as this miſled multitude had dragged their unreſiſting victim to the river's brink, a gentleman of the country, as eminent for his intelligence as his humanity, paſſed by; and enquiring what was the occaſion of the riotous aſſemblage he ſaw, he interfered immediately, and, being equally loved and reſpected,

ſpected, reſcued the poor old victim of popular folly from the hands of her barbarous perſecutors.—His charitable interpoſition, however, came too late: though ſhe was carried immediately to his houſe, put to bed, and carefully attended, ſhe had already ſuffered too much from the rude inhumanity of the mob; and in about three days ſhe died, giving into the hands of her generous protector the key of a drawer in the cottage, where ſhe told him he would find a written account of her unfortunate companion, and of herſelf.—It was only the authority of this gentleman that prevented the villagers from plundering the hut; where, as he had been directed, he found the following paper:

"As this narrative will not be read till the hand that writes it, till the heart that agonizes over it, are mouldering in the duſt, the wretched writer ventures to relate his crimes and his ſufferings; truſting, that his deep and ſincere repentance, as it may have made his peace with Heaven, will mitigate againſt him the indignation of mankind; and that when he is ſheltered in the grave his name may be repeated without abhorrence. Yet were he not actuated by a latent hope that his ſad ſtory may ſerve as a warning againſt the indulgence of thoſe fatal paſſions which have overwhelmed him with ſhame,

diſgrace,

diſgrace, and remorſe, he ſhould willingly let the name of the wretch, and the remembrance of the evils he has occaſioned, periſh in oblivion.

" I was the eldeſt of the two ſons of a gentleman of ancient family, and of very conſiderable property, whoſe anceſtors had for ſome centuries inhabited the large manor-houſe of Eddenham, on the borders of Durthwaite Wold, and our family name was taken from that antique reſidence.

" My father, who had loſt all his children by his firſt wife, and who was far advanced in life before my brother and myſelf were born of a ſecond marriage, doted upon us with the moſt extravagant fondneſs, and denied us nothing: to this fatal and ill-judged indulgence I owed my ruin, a ruin which involved in it that of all my family.

" Though I expended, even during my being at College, more than half the income of my father's eſtates, he could not determine to check me in my wild career, conſoling himſelf under the greateſt inconveniences with thinking, that I was a young man of ſpirit, to whom ſome extraordinary indulgences were neceſſary, and that when the hey day of youth was over, when I had ſown my wild oats, I ſhould become more regulated in my conduct, and that all would

would be well. My mother, who, though a good woman, was yet vain and weak, encouraged rather than checked theſe boundleſs indulgences. It was her pride, poor woman! to ſee her ſon, when he was at Eddenham, make as great a figure as the noblemen in the neighbourhood; and ſhe delighted to tell of the exploits I performed in London, and the faſhionable company I kept.

" My brother, though almoſt as much indulged as I was, happened to be of a different diſpoſition. He was fond of books and of retirement; and, at his own deſire, took orders at the proper age, my father having purchaſed for him a very conſiderable living not far from London. When I was three-and-twenty, I prevailed on my father to let me make the tour of Europe. He conſented with reluctance, fearing he ſhould not live to ſee me again. However, at the end of two years, which I paſſed on the Continent, I returned, and found him but little changed. My mother too was living, and in good health, and they were both made very happy by the birth of a grandſon, my brother having married about eighteen months before; and he was with his wife and child now on a viſit at Eddenham.

" I had been in habits of ſeeing the moſt beautiful women in Europe, but ſo lovely

lovely a creature as my ſiſter-in-law it never was my chance before to behold. I became diſtractedly in love with her, and was not aſhamed of meditating how I ſhould ſteal her from her huſband, though that huſband was my brother.

" At firſt, the magnificent preſents I made her, and my laviſh flattery, were conſidered only as the effect of my general admiration of beauty, and my affection for my brother; but my behaviour was ſuch as ſoon occaſioned that excellent brother great uneaſineſs. He remonſtrated gently with his wife, who treated him with contempt and diſdain, reſented his jealouſy, and profeſſed a determination to act as ſhe pleaſed. My father and mother at laſt began to notice ſomething ſtrange among us. But I had now obtained ſuch an aſcendency over the mind of my ſiſter-in-law, that I cared very little for the murmurs or fears of the reſt of my family; and unreſtrained by any ſenſe of honour, religion, or humanity, and in defiance of all the laws both of God and man, I prevailed upon her to elope, and we arrived unpurſued at Naples.

" There I ſoon found, that a beautiful outſide had concealed from me a diſpoſition to every folly that degrades one ſex, and a ſtrong propenſity to indulge in every vice that debaſes the other: but it

ill

ill became me to reproach her, of whoſe greateſt fault I had been the occaſion. No man, however, who commits a crime like that I had been guilty of, is long free from the admonitions of conſcience; I endeavoured to drown the remonſtrances of mine in wine, and by gaming and every other diſſipation—but I was ſtill unhappy. Judge then, oh! reader, what was my ſituation, what a miſerable wretch I became, when I heard—(the very recollection of my ſenſations ſtill makes my hand tremble) when I heard—that my unhappy brother, unable to bear the loſs of his wife, had periſhed by his own hand! that the infant boy, forſaken by both his parents, lingered a little while, and then followed his father to the grave! and that my poor old parents, reproaching themſelves for having given birth to a monſter like me, had both died within a few days of each other, ſurviving their ſon and grandſon only about a month!

"Heart-ſtruck, I fled with diſguſt and abhorrence from the woman whoſe fatal beauty; and my ungovernable temper, had been the cauſe of theſe horrors. I ſent her a ſum of money, told her we muſt never meet again, and beſought her to hide herſelf, her guilt, and her ſorrows, in a convent:—but, inſtead of doing ſo, ſhe abandoned herſelf to ſuch a courſe of life

life as ſoon deſtroyed her, and her death was added to the hideous catalogue of my crimes.

"Purſued by diſtracting remorſe, which preſented all my murdered family before me, I fled from place to place—but none afforded me any peace. Wretched as I was, I thought a ſeverer penance would alone relieve me. I determined to puniſh myſelf with the view of the ſpot where all my family had periſhed, the victims of my unpardonable wickedneſs. I came then with an old female ſervant, who knew my deplorable ſtory, to the Wold. I ſhould deſervedly have been hunted from my own houſe by the people of the country as a wild beaſt. I therefore built a wretched ſhed; and it has for ſome years been my cuſtom to viſit once or twice a day, and ſometimes of a night, the houſe now falling into decay, where, but for me, my family might now have been flouriſhing and happy; where my fond and venerable parents, whoſe grey hairs I ſent in ſorrow to the grave, might have ended their lives in peace and honour among their poſterity; where my brother—oh! dreadful and diſtracting remembrance! my mild-tempered, generous, affectionate brother, was driven by me to deſpair and to ſuicide!—Nightly by the light of the moon and ſtars, as I have traverſed

theſe melancholy apartments, his bleeding ghoſt has met me! Yes, my conſcience has conjured up the moſt frightful ſpectre,!—but, with a gloomy and determined reſolution, I have ſought rather than avoided them. On the floor yet ſtained with my brother's blood I have lain whole nights, groaning in ſuch anguiſh of heart as guilt alone can inflict. Amid the tempeſts of winter, in wet, in wind, in ſnow, I have proſtrated myſelf on the graves of him, of his child, and my poor fond miſtaken parents. I have prayed to the thunder to ſtrike, to the lightning to blaſt me, in vain—and often have I held to my throat the weapon which ſhould end my miſerable life:—but a powerful hand always ſeemed to check me; a tremendous voice ſeemed to cry, Oh! wretch, live, live, that thou mayeſt ſuffer!

"Let thoſe who tremble at a deſcription of my horrible ſufferings, learn early to combat thoſe paſſions which may involve them in guilt and in miſery like mine."

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE VII.

FANNY, MARY, and LOUISA, returning from a Walk with their Two Brothers, they enter the ROOM where SOPHIA is at Work.

Sophia.

YOU are late, methinks, this evening.

Lionel. Oh! yes, we have met with ſome adventures; and then Louiſa became ſo tired at laſt, that I thought Julius and I muſt have brought her home in our arms.

Sophia. And pray what were your adventures?

Julius. Why, the firſt was, that we met a drove of oxen, and the girls were in a fright, and ſo we got over into a field to eſcape from them.

(*Mrs. Belmour entering.*) Oh! I am glad to ſee you returned, my children! I was afraid you would carry my little girl here too far. What detained you ſo late?

Julius. I was juſt telling Sophia, madam, that firſt we met I dare ſay a thouſand oxen in droves, with men with them, who, I underſtood, were Welchmen, and they made a ſtrange hooting

noiſe ſuch as I never heard before. My ſiſters were afraid of the cattle; ſo we clambered over hedge and ditch to get out of their way, and by that means loſt ourſelves.

Mrs. Belmour. Thoſe cattle are very inoffenſive: you need not have been afraid of them. They are bred in Wales in vaſt numbers, and ſent from thence when they are old enough, to be fattened in our rich paſtures. They are generally too much tired, poor things, to have any deſire to run at people.

Fanny. But ſo are oxen in the ſtreets of London; and yet you very often hear of their hurting paſſengers

Mrs. Belmour. Becauſe they are over-driven and hunted into a fever by the cruel monſters that conduct them, for whom, ſurely, there ought to be ſome ſevere puniſhment, as nothing is more diſgraceful to human nature. If animals are given us by Providence for our ſupport, it is our duty to take their lives in the eaſieſt way, and by no means to make them ſuffer.

Julius. I am ſure I would not be a butcher for the world.

Lionel. Nor I; I am ſure I could ſtarve firſt.

Mrs. Belmour. Habit reconciles people to ſights and acts of cruelty. A child brought up to ſee cattle driven daily to

to the ſlaughter-houſe, and the kennels of his father's court adjoining to it ſtreaming with blood, acquires, as he grows up, no other idea but of limbs and heads he afterwards beholds weighed and ſold. Of the animal as an exiſting and ſuffering creature, he has probably no notion at all. Well, and after you eſcaped from this horned multitude what did you do?

Lionel. We were detained then by a much prettier ſight; for, rambling through fields and over the meadows on the left, we got at laſt to the foot-bridge, and then I knew my way; and we came into the turnpike-road, where we ſaw a whole regiment of horſe-ſoldiers juſt come from a review. I like to ſee them ſo! Such nice, ſmart-looking men, and ſuch beautiful horſes! I'm ſure I wiſh papa would do as he ſaid he would once; and, when I am big enough, make me a captain of light-horſe.

Mrs. Belmour. Yet you would not be a butcher for all the world? You would rather ſtarve?

Lionel. Yes, to be ſure; but being a ſoldier is not at all like that.

Mrs. Belmour. Only ſo far as a butcher earns his bread by killing animals for the food of his fellow men; and a ſoldier procures his by killing the men themſelves.

Lionel.

Lionel. Dear Aunt! As if a captain was at all like a naſty greaſy butcher!

Mrs. Belmour. And which could we beſt do without?

Fanny. Why, the butcher: for, if we had no mutton and beef, we could live upon bread and rice, and pies and puddings, and fruit; but if there were no officers nor ſoldiers, the enemies of England would come and kill us all.

Mrs Belmour. But is it neceſſary for England to have enemies?

Julius. They ſay the French are our natural enemies.

Mrs. Belmour. And what does that mean? What is a natural enemy?

Julius. An enemy, I ſuppoſe, that Nature has made.

Mrs. Belmour. By Nature, you mean God. So then it ſeems that God made different countries, and cauſed the men inhabiting thoſe countries to ſpeak different languages, only that they might have pretences to deſtroy and murder each other! No: when the great Author of the Univerſe placed his reaſoning creatures in various climates, where the productions of the earth are different, he certainly did not intend to ſay to the European, "Go now and ſubdue the other quarters of the globe, and cauſe their inhabitants to work for your gratification." Nor could the Omnipotent implant

implant in the inhabitants of two diviſions of the earth parted from each other only by a few leagues of water, or ſome high mountains, a *natural* antipathy, ſo that from mere hatred and deteſtation of each other the ſtudy of whole generations of theſe men ſhould be mutual annoyance, and their whole ambition to ſweep each other from the earth. It is much more reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that God, when he gave to man reaſon and forethought, when he beſtowed on him memory and reflection, denied to the other animals, intended to give him alſo a ſuperior degree of happineſs. And certainly nothing is ſo contrary to that ſcheme of benevolence, as the ſyſtematic hatred which we are brought up to entertain for our fellow-creatures. Yet is ſuch a ſyſtem not only continued in deſpite of common ſenſe, but is made one of the motives by which men are induced to enter into aſſociations called armies, whoſe buſineſs it is, under the notions of honour and glory, to maim and kill other men, formed on their ſide into the ſame ſort of aſſociations, on the ſame principles, who, in fact, are hired to kill and be killed. We may call it what we will, but, reduced to plain ſenſe, that is the real truth.

Julius. But, my dear madam, if we were not to have ſoldiers, we muſt ſoon be

be conquered by other nations who have. And as long as there muſt be armies, ſurely it is an honorable thing to defend one's country.

Mrs. Belmour. Certainly very honorable, and what is every man's duty. It is not being of the profeſſion of a ſoldier, ſuch as the preſent circumſtances of the world of neceſſity create, that I blame in any man. It is, as things unfortunately are, neceſſary, and I know no ſet of men more generally reſpectable; but it is the prejudices, the impoſitions, which have created that neceſſity, that I abhor. It is the certainty that governments take advantage of even the virtues of the people to make them the tools of ambition; and, inſtead of a defender of his native land, I am apt to conſider a ſoldier as one whoſe life is ſold to do or to ſuffer evil, not becauſe he chooſes it, but becauſe it is the cuſtom of his country. And I cannot but think how much happier, and more really uſeful, ſuch a man would be, if occupied in the culture of the earth, or in elevating the exiſtence of its inhabitants by the arts that poliſh life, and give dignity to human nature. I do not ſay, that, as ſociety is at preſent conſtituted, we could do without ſoldiers; but I hope that an habit of reaſoning and of reflecting will conquer this prejudice, as it has done ſo many others;

and

and man will diſcover that ferocity is not bravery, nor inflicting wounds and miſery on others the way to ſecure his own happineſs.

Julius. But, my dear Aunt, remember what fine fellows the Romans were, and how great we are always taught to conſider them!

Mrs. Belmour. They were great, in the trueſt ſenſe of the word, while they fought and died for their country during the early ages of the Republic; but when the warlike power they acquired in that conteſt was turned to the acquiſition of remote conqueſt, you ſee that luxury, and the pride which was the conſequence of boundleſs ſucceſs, very ſoon changed the national character. Great armies were neceſſary to a government who poſſeſſed almoſt all the then known world. Theſe armies, from conquering the moſt diſtant provinces, became unquiet when they were not employed, and the Conſuls found their own ſafety endangered if they did not lead them forth to new victories. The army, in fact, poſſeſſed all the power, and the empire ſoon became at the diſpoſal of him who knew beſt how to obtain the affection of the legions. Cæſar, who was certainly one of the greateſt men that ever lived, united all the talents that were calculated to change the form of government

from a Republic into a deſpotic Monarchy; but a paſſion for their former liberty glowed in the breaſts of a few illuſtrious men, and Cæſar, you know, was ſtabbed in the Capitol by Brutus, Caſſius, Cinna, and ſome other noble Romans. The miſchief, however, was too deeply rooted. Anthony, a profligate and worthleſs man, contrived to avenge the death of his friend and patron, Cæſar, and afterwards agreed with Octavius (the nephew of the firſt Cæſar) and Lepidus to divide the Roman Empire into three parts, of which each was to govern one; and this is what is called the Triumvirate. But Anthony, entangled by the art of Cleopatra the celebrated Queen of Egypt, and become contemptible through his own vices, ſoon periſhed in ignominy; Lepidus was too inſignificant to make any reſiſtance againſt the growing power of Octavius Cæſar, and he ſoon poſſeſſed himſelf of the Empire. The Republic then ceaſed to exiſt, and a long ſucceſſion of Imperators or Emperors followed, of whom, with only four or five exceptions, it is not too harſh to ſay, that they were ſo infamous, they ſo far exceeded in the moſt hideous vices all that had preceded or have *ſucceeded* them (if we except, I think, three or four inſtances), that they ſeem to have been choſen to ſhew how ill man is calculated

lated to be intruſted with unlimited power.

Julius. But pray tell me how it happens that we find curioſities now in England, and ſee antiquities in people's cabinets, that they ſay are Roman.

Mrs. Belmour. Becauſe this iſland, except the mountainous parts of Wales and the highlands of Scotland, was once under the dominion of the Romans.

Lionel. What, did they conquer us?

Mrs. Belmour. Even ſo.

Lionel. I'm ſure I've heard people ſay that England never was conquered, and that the Engliſh never were beat.

Mrs. Belmour. Whoever told you ſo, were certainly better patriots than hiſtorians.

Julius. I ſhould like to be informed of the truth of all thoſe aſſertions, but at ſchool one is laughed at if one goes to read out of ſchool hours. I began the Hiſtory of England, and was reading it through; but I don't know how it was, we got a new ſcheme of play among us, and they would have quizzed me to death, if I had remained in my room to read; and ſince that, I have neve thought about it.

Mrs. Belmour. My dear Julius, I am ſorry to ſay that you will be ignorant as long as you live, if you do not get the

better

better of that falſe ſhame which makes you afraid of being quizzed as you call it. It is by ſuch feebleneſs of mind that we are led at all ages to ſacrifice our own opinions, and even pleaſures, to the whims of others, often of people about whom we care nothing. I have known more young men ruined by that unhappy ſort of pride, than by any naturally bad propenſities of their own. Well! ſince you ſhould like to know, and yet have been ſo ſimply laughed out of informing yourſelf, I will tell you. The firſt accounts we have of theſe iſlands were thoſe given to the Romans by their merchants, who, wandering about the ſeas for the purpoſes of commerce, ſeem to have landed in Cornwall, and to have purchaſed tin, which that country produces*. They gave, however, a very dreadful account of the ferocity of the Iſlanders, though the ſouth-eaſtern part of the iſland had already made ſome advances in the arts of civilized life, and was become extremely populous. The other quarters of the country were then inhabited by wandering hordes of ſavages, who lived on the milk and fleſh, and were clothed with the ſkins of their cattle.

* This is abridged from Hume.

Julius.

Julius. But, my dear madam, if England was an iſland, how could the inhabitants get thither? They muſt have known the invention of boats?

Mrs. Belmour. There you puzzle me, Julius. I know no more how theſe our iſlands were peopled, than how any other part of the world was firſt ſtocked with inhabitants. My information indeed ſays, that the iſland called Britain was peopled from Gaul, as that part of the Continent was then named which we now call France:—ſo you ſee we can trace our origin no farther than the people we deſpiſe and hate. There is a remote tradition, which tells that this iſland (ſo little a while ſince eſteemed the miſtreſs of the world) was, by ſome violent concuſſion of the earth, ſevered from the Continent, and it muſt have been preciſely from France. There are fanciful people who imagine that veſtiges ſtill remain of this fact in the diſpoſition of the rocks of the oppoſite ſhores, and ſay, that there is a chalk bed between Dover and Calais, which ſeems a ſort of continuation of the Downs on either coaſt. I own I did not diſcover the reſemblance of the ſoil on the margins of the two kingdoms. Collins the Poet touches on this ideal union, in his Ode to Liberty:

The

The Gaul, 'tis held of antient ſtory,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverſe ſtrand:
No ſea between, nor cliff ſublime and hoary,
He paſs'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.

However that tradition might or might not be true; certain it is, that the manners and religion of the Britons, or Britains, were the ſame as thoſe of their Gallic neighbours. They were almoſt naked, living in huts or caves; and even when they became a little more accuſtomed to ſomething like civilized ſociety, they ſtill led a ſort of wandering life, divided into ſmall tribes, and their ſole property was their ſword and their cattle. The Druids, their prieſts, had great authority among them, and kept them in awe by ſubjugating to ſuperſtitious ceremonies. They practiſed theſe ceremonies in dark woods, or deep and rocky receſſes; and they frequently offered up human victims to their imaginary God Thor. *No idolatrous worſhip ever obtained ſuch an aſcendant over mankind as that of the antient Gauls and Britons**. And in this ſtate they were found by Cæſar, who, having made himſelf maſter of Gaul, had a curioſity to explore the iſland which could be diſtinguiſhed from its coaſt. He is believed to have landed at Deal, in Kent. The Britons, however, who were by no means able to defend

* Hume.

themſelves

themſelves againſt him, agreed to pay a tribute in teſtimony of their ſubmiſſion. But forgetting the danger when the Roman troops were withdrawn, they neglected to perform what he had demanded; and Cæſar, irritated by their failure, landed in great force, I believe, on the coaſt of Hampſhire, and, croſſing the Thames, took and burned the capital of Caſſivelaunus, one of their Princes, under whoſe command they had aſſociated to oppoſe the victorious Roman; who, after having extorted new ſubmiſſions, returned into Gaul. And this was the firſt conqueſt of England, which afterwards remained free from the Roman yoke, or feeling it but little, for almoſt an hundred years.

But Cæſar's conqueſt, unlike the generality of thoſe unjuſt incurſions, was probably of very great uſe to the conquered people. The Romans brought us arts, while they made us feel the weight of their arms. Then firſt the inhabitants of Britain began to emerge from a ſtate which can be conſidered as little better than that in which we have ſince ſeen the wild inhabitants of the northern diviſion of America.

Lionel. Then Cæſar's wars were not ſo wicked as you ſay wars are now?

Mrs. Belmour. Juſt as wicked in their purpoſe; though the event proved, but not

not till after much bloodſhed and miſery, and till many generations had paſſed away, that good is ſometimes the conſequence of evil. Another day I will endeavour to give you ſome idea of the decline of the Romans from being maſters of the world to the loweſt ſtate of degradation; and we will take another occaſion to go ſlightly over our own hiſtory—not that I pretend in theſe light ſketches to ſatisfy your curioſity, I only mean to excite it. It is neceſſary that every body ſhould know the principal events that have happened in their own country: without ſome ſuch information, they cannot ſo well judge of what is paſſing before their eyes, and are continually making miſtakes, as well as liable to receive falſe impreſſions. I do not think the ſtudy of hiſtory ſo pleaſant as it is uſeful; but no one can pretend to be well educated who has not a general knowledge of it. It can hardly be diſpenſed with as a part of female education; but every man ſhould know the antient as well as preſent ſituation of the various ſtates of Europe, and Aſia, where originally was the ſeat of empire.—Beſides that it is requiſite as an accompliſhment, ſuch knowledge may ſerve many other good purpoſes. It abates our pride, I think, when we know that other nations greater and more powerful than ours have

have flouriſhed and faded; and we may learn, when we ſee that no great people ever retained their greatneſs after they had loſt their liberty, to guard *that* which alone has made this little iſland the firſt maritime power in the world; which, by protecting her commerce, would have given her all the bleſſings enjoyed by every region of the earth; and, were it not for wars, which commerce is too apt to produce, might have rendered her the happieſt country under Heaven, and a mediatrix and peace-maker among the other nations.

Sophia. But I have heard, Aunt, that there are other countries much finer than England.

Mrs. Belmour. Undoubtedly many enjoy a finer climate. France, for example, has almoſt all the geographical advantages of England, and many that England cannot boaſt. Her northern provinces produce corn, fruits, and cattle, as abundantly as England; in the ſouth, ſhe is rich in "*wine that gladdeth* "*the heart of man, and oil that cauſeth his* "*face to ſhine.*" I believe the air more healthy than England; and to that, as well as the great extent of the country, is to be imputed the immenſe advantage that country has over ours in point of numbers. In all cold countries like ours, the poor ſuffer moſt dreadfully in winter.

Every

Every part of France is not exempt from a great degree of cold: but, ſouth of Paris, the poor endure but little inconvenience from the change of ſeaſon, and their food is certainly wholſomer than that eaten by the lower claſſes with us. We have been taught to believe that the peaſants danced, though in wooden ſhoes and without ſhirts, to keep themſelves from reflecting on their hunger; but much of all that never was true.—To return, however, to the ſubject from whence this diſcourſe aroſe; I am perſuaded that, if inſtead of tearing each other to pieces during theſe five hundred years, we had on both ſides had the ſenſe to make the moſt of our advantages; if we had exchanged our commodities, and cultivated our fields, and our reaſon, inſtead of having manured the fields of both countries, and of America, and even Africa and Aſia, with blood, we might now all have danced, or have been happy enough to have done ſo, and many millions of people would have been in the world who have fallen in the field, or died the miſerable victims of war, to gratify the ambition of a few, who call themſelves great politicians, and prove it by thinning the world.

I recollect, I think, a ſtanza of Thomſon's in that enchanting poem "The Caſtle of Indolence," which may

may conclude our diſcourſe on this ſubject:

But what moſt ſhew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd and deadly ſtrife:
Moſt chriſtian kings, inflam'd with black deſire,
With honorable ruffians in their hire,
Cauſe war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this ſad work when each begins to tire,
They ſit them down juſt where they were before,
Till for new ſcenes of woe peace ſhall their force reſtore.

DIALOGUE VIII.

The Six Children prepared to walk with their Aunt.

Mrs. Belmour.

YOU know we are to have a long walk to-night, which way ſhall we go?

Lionel. Oh! I will ſhew you a pleaſant walk: over the heath, and up acroſs the mount where the fir-trees are planted, there is the prettieſt view you ever ſaw over the park.

Mrs. Belmour. Well, we will go thither: the beauty of the year will ſoon be on the decline; many of the birds have already ceaſed to ſing, and many of the moſt beautiful flowers are gone. After Midſummer, the freſhneſs and delightful

lightful verdure of the landſcape is faded even in this country. In the more ſouthern climates of Europe, the heat much ſooner deſtroys the brilliant verdure of ſummer. In Italy, the cigala, a ſort of cricket, devours the leaves almoſt on their firſt appearance; and, generally ſpeaking, there is no country which is ſo green throughout the year as England.

Sophia. A common is a very ugly thing. Why don't they plant it with trees, and ſow it with wheat?

Mrs. Belmour. Becauſe much of ſuch kind of ground is naturally barren, and was neglected by the firſt appropriators of the ſoil as not worth cultivating, and becauſe many of theſe rude places afford ſubſiſtence to the poor. The produce beſides, however rough it looks, is uſeful in many reſpects. The furze* or gorſe, which bears a yellow bloſſom, and makes a common or heath look ſo brilliant in ſpring and the greater part of ſummer, ſerves ſometimes for food for cattle, by being ground in a mill, or cut ſmall, to deſtroy the effects of its thorns. It is put up in ſtacks, and makes fuel for the lime-kilns, and it ſerves as an harbour to game. The graſs of theſe wild extents of land ſerves to paſture a great number

* Ulex.

of

of ſheep; and in ſome places the poor are allowed to keep cows upon them, and in others to rear geeſe. The plant too which we call heath*, that bears thoſe ſmall purple bells which make this kind of country look purple when it is in bloſſom, ſerves to burn; and in the mountains of Scotland, the Highlanders thatch their houſes and make their beds with it. Another produce beſides is camomile†, which grows in great plenty on dry commons, and is thence taken in its greateſt perfection for medicinal uſes; and here the midnight muſhroom often riſes, as if really planted by one of Titania's followers, or Ariel's companions. Let us recollect quotations alluding to commons and heaths:

The common overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorſe, that, ſhapeleſs and deform,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itſelf with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleaſing ramble: there the turf
Smells freſh; and, rich in odoriferous herbs,
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the ſenſe
With luxury of unexpected ſweets.

On theſe wilds, too, Shakeſpeare often lays his ſcene. On a heath, near Fores in Scotland, the Witches, or Weird Siſters, met Macbeth, and ſaluted him with the prophecy which ſo fatally rouſed his am-

* Erica vulgaris. † Anthemis nobilis. ‡ Cowper.

bition,

bition, and bade him aſpire to a throne which he waded through ſeas of blood to obtain.

The practice of burning fern*, the aſhes of which are uſed in bleaching flax, is thus deſcribed in a later poem called "Walks in a Foreſt," in which ſome of the lines intended to paint ſcenery are well written.

The poet ſpeaks of great heat, and goes on to ſay—

Yet cannot heat's meridian rage deter
The cottage matron from her annual toil.
On that rough bank behold her, bent to reap
The full-grown fern, her harveſt, and prepare
Her aſhy balls of purifying fame.
Lo! yon bare ſpot ſhe deſtines for the hearth,
Now ſtrikes the ſteel, the tinder covers light
With wither'd leaves and dry: now ſtoops to fan
The glimmering ſparks, and motionleſs remains,
Watching the infant flame from ſide to ſide
Run thro' the thin materials. Round her ſtray,
Children or grand-children, a cheerful train
Diſperſed among the buſhes; earneſt each
To execute the taſk her nod aſſigns.

The poem then proceeds to relate how the fire, thus lighted, has not unfrequently, in hot and dry ſummers, extended itſelf to the woods, and occaſioned the moſt alarming conflagration through a whole country.

Beſides the uſe to which fern is put for bleaching flax with its aſhes, it is cut and

* Filix.

dried

dried in ſtacks for the litter of cattle; and the inhabitants of ſome of the newly-diſcovered iſlands in the South Sea, who know not the arts of cultivating any kind of grain or roots, make a ſort of bread of the roots of fern, eſpecially during a time of ſcarcity, which often happens among ſavages who live by fiſhing and hunting.

Well, now we have reached the ſummit of the hill; the proſpect from hence is, indeed, beautiful. Nothing ſurely ſhews the triumph of art and induſtry more than the park, whoſe green and turfy inequalities are ſpread before us. It is not a great many years ſince this tract of land was reclaimed from the waſte, and now you ſee it is covered with the fineſt graſs, ſhadowed with trees, and filled with deer and ſheep. The owner of it you know is a nobleman, who delights in adorning it, not merely to gratify himſelf, but becauſe he employs a great number of workmen, who all live in a degree of comfort in cottages which he has built for them, and which you ſee at a little diſtance, forming no unpleaſing object. Were all men of high rank to reſemble him, there would be very little complaint of the inequality of conditions, ſince in every ſociety ſome muſt be more at eaſe than others. Do you obſerve that high building on the left?

left? Our next ramble ſhall be thither. In it are ſeveral inſtruments provided for the purpoſe of aſtronomical obſervations, and all the beſt books on that ſubject. An ingenious man who lives in the houſe has that apartment allotted to his ſtudies, and the young people of the family attend to receive lectures in that ſublime ſcience, when in fine and clear evenings the heavenly bodies are moſt viſible. Perhaps I may obtain leave to have you admitted to theſe lectures.

Sophia. I read the other day that all the planets are inhabited.

Mrs. Belmour. They may be ſo, for aught we know; the ſame Omnipotent Being who fitted us for this globe, may have created other creatures to whoſe natures the other planets may be adapted. This thought ought never to occur to us without bringing with it a leſſon to our vanity. If the planets only are peopled, to ſay nothing of the myriads of millions of ſtars which we ſee only in our horizon, how paltry and how poor ought to appear the little purſuits and paſſions which agitate us, and which we appear to think of conſequence enough to intereſt the whole univerſe! I often ſmile when I ſee a good man giving his opinion with a magiſterial air, and telling us that, though we do not attend to him, he is ſure the whole world will one day bear witneſs

witneſs to the truth of his prediction, or the ſoundneſs of his advice; when, perhaps, he was never heard of, nor ever will be, beyond his own pariſh, or one or two in the neighbourhood. Sometimes too a good lady is in great uneaſineſs that the world will ſay ſo and ſo; that world which knows not that ſhe exiſts. However, it is well that people are of conſequence to themſelves, ſince it ſerves to keep their lives from ſtagnation; but I have always thought the ſtudy of aſtronomy gave more effectual leſſons of humility than are elſewhere to be learned.

Now we will croſs into the park, and admire the beauty and variety of the trees, which, though not like thoſe of foreſts, the growth of ages, are yet moſt agreeable objects. The oak, which is the moſt majeſtic and the beſt timber, has, you ſee, all the appearance of rugged ſtrength. The form of the leaf is elegant, and, on the acorns, the fruit of this tree, it is ſaid, our anceſtors, the original inhabitants of this iſland, lived, before they poſſeſſed the flocks and herds which afterwards became their ſupport. Now amidſt the variety of grain, fruit, and vegetables, with which cultivation has clothed our fields and gardens, it is difficult to imagine that this harſh and unpalatable nut could ever be eaten.

The aſh is next in merit to the oak. How beautifully light is its foliage, and how graceful the curvature of its branches! Of the wood of this tree are made ploughs, carts, and all inſtruments of huſbandry. The elm is darker in its foliage. Thoſe groups which you ſee on the left, looking almoſt as black as firs, are elms; and the trees in the neighbourhood of London which are ſtripped up till they have rather the appearance of brooms ſtuck in the grouud than trees, are alſo this ſort. They are uſeful not only to ſupply fuel by their ſide branches, but to make the pipes through which water is conveyed, and for the drains which are requiſite in a great city, becauſe theſe trees are eaſily hollowed for thoſe purpoſes. The beech, which I think the moſt beautiful of all, is of leſs value, though it ſupplies wedges uſed in ſhip-building, and the greater part of the wood uſed by turners. Nothing ſurely is more delicious than thoſe beech-woods which feather with their beautiful flowing foliage the ſides of downs, and flouriſh on chalky ſoils. When I was a girl, I uſed to wander among them, gathering the wild raſpberrie and ſtrawberries with which they abound; and being compelled to quit thoſe delightful ſcenes for the confinement of a boarding-ſchool in the neighbourhood of London, I have wiſhed

wiſhed myſelf transformed into a ſquirrel, that I might live amidſt theſe delightful ſhades, and bound from bough to bough, finding my food in the beechnuts, and my ſhelter among the leaves.

Mary. Oh! I am ſure it is exactly the wiſh I ſhould have too. Squirrels are ſuch pretty nimble creatures, with ſuch bright black eyes, and little tufted ſharp ears!

Mrs. Belmour. And yet how weak and puerile was my regret; and how uſeleſs and contemptible a figure ſhould I have made now, had I waſted thoſe precious hours of youth in ſuch a mode of life as could have qualified me for nothing better than a companion to a poor woodcutter!

Mary. Oh! but if it were poſſible that a perſon could be changed into any animal, though I do not mean to ſay that the wiſh is a wiſe one, the form of a ſquirrel would be preferable to that of a bird, ſince it does not ſeem to be perſecuted by the boys, as birds are.

Mrs. Belmour. Alas! my dear Mary, you are miſtaken. The active cruelty of man ſpares not any animal of the creation; and even thoſe which are harmleſs, and contribute nothing to his wants as affording food, are not free from his inhumanity. Theſe poor little inoffenſive inhabitants of the woods are objects of

chaſe to idle men and boys, who either ſhoot them, or throw at them ſticks loaded with lead at each end, which generally bring them bleeding and with broken limbs to the ground.

Sophia. How barbarous!

Mrs. Belmour. Not more ſo than the wanton cruelty with which birds are deſtroyed, and their neſts taken, to no poſſible uſe or profit; for there are very few of their tribes that do any injury to the farmer or gardener. But we lament theſe ravages in vain; let us go on with our little hiſtory of trees.

That rich and beautiful clump of high trees are cheſnuts; and you, Sophia, may obſerve that their foliage reſembles what you have ſeen in Italian paintings, and the drawings of Claude le Lorraine, quite unlike that of any other tree. This beautiful vegetable not only affords very valuable timber, and is highly ornamental, but is almoſt the ſtaple ſupport of the inhabitants of the ſouthern parts of Europe, who make a ſort of bread of the nuts, or eat them as we do potatoes and other eſculent roots. It is called Caſtanea from Caſtana, a city of Theſſaly, from which it was ſuppoſed to have been brought into Italy; but it is probably a native of Spain, Italy and Sicily, ſince it grows to ſuch an immenſe ſize in thoſe countries. In that part of Mount Etna

called

called the Sylvoſa, or woody region, where the mountain is encircled with a zone of the moſt luxurious foreſts, there is one of theſe trees which is called Caſtanea di cento cavalli, the cheſnut-tree of an hundred horſe, becauſe ſuch is the extent of its trunk, now hollowed by time, that an hundred horſes and their riders might find ſhelter within it. Here, however, in our more northern region, it never attains any thing like ſuch a ſize. The horſe-cheſnut, another ſpecies of tree, is of a more rapid growth; and its verdure, as well as the beauty of its flowers, renders it a great favourite in our plantations. The tufted trees of that ſhady row are horſe-cheſnuts. Their fine verdure, however, is now gone; but in May, when they are covered with ſpikes of flowers, white, elegantly ſhaded with red, which fades into yellow, there is hardly any object more lovely among all the vegetable beauties.

The birch, whoſe name, from the tyranny of which it is an inſtrument, is not ſo much eſteemed as it deſerves, is a very elegant tree; and there is one ſort with long pliant boughs, which rivals or even ſurpaſſes, in the flexile flow of its drooping branches, the weeping-willow. Numberleſs other trees are collected to form the different and extenſive plantations which we ſee on either hand. That

on

on the right ſurrounds a lake, into which a ſmall river diſembogues itſelf, whoſe progreſs, even where you cannot ſee the water, you may now mark by the blue miſt riſing from it, as you may trace from the ſame circumſtance the form and boundaries of the lake itſelf. The ſallow, the willow, and the alder, are among the more immediate ſhades that crowd over it; while oppoſite, on the higher ground, you ſee the family of firs, pines, and larches, which here aſpire almoſt to the grandeur of Norwegian foreſts, and throw off by the contraſt of their dark boughs the landſcape that opens beyond them, lighted up as it is by the bright beams of the ſetting ſun.

But the dews will ſoon fall heavily; and even now the hour is at hand, which is ſo ſweetly deſcribed by one of our favourite poets in his Ode to Evening. Perhaps one of you may recollect the lines; I mean Collins.

Julius. I can, I believe; for I was ſo delighted with it when I read it anew a few days ſince, that I wrote it in a book, where I collect ſuch ſmall pieces of poetry as pleaſe me beſt. I do not pretend, however, to repeat the whole; but I recollect ſome ſtanzas more particularly, becauſe I once tried to turn them all into Latin, and I remember beſt thoſe in which

which I ſucceeded. That where ruins are deſcribed was one of them.

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams,

Or if chill bluſtering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

Mrs. Belmour. Which is exactly what we ſee at this moment. I recollect too ſome other ſtanzas on the ſame ſubject, by a poet ſtill living*, hardly inferior to theſe favourite lines of Collins's: I do not recollect them all, but they end with theſe lines:

Now every paſſion ſleeps; deſponding love,
And pining envy: ever reſtleſs pride:
An holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful ſoul,
Anger and mad ambition's ſtorms ſubſide.

Oh modeſt Evening! let me oft appear
A wandering votary in thy penſive train,
Liſtening to every wildly warbled note,
That fills with farewell ſweet thy dark'ning plain.

* Dr. Joſeph Warton.

But

But we muſt now haſten home, my children, though I have not exhauſted half the ſubjects that offer themſelves in a walk ſo various as this. We will therefore take another occaſion to viſit the park; and, to give more variety to our inquiries, we will go to it by another road.

DIALOGUE IX.

LIONEL entering the Room where Mrs. BELMOUR and his Four Siſters are at work.—JULIUS drawing in another part of it.

Lionel.

WELL, Aunt, you will not accuſe me of idleneſs now, I hope?

Mrs. Belmour. I hope I ſhall not have occaſion to do it. You have been well employed then ſince ſeven this morning?

Lionel. Yes, that I have.

Mary. Tell us how, my dear Lionel.

Lionel. Why, I have been at work the whole time. Firſt of all, I went out meaning only to have an early walk, and as I croſſed the common I ſaw thoſe children that you ſometimes ſpeak to, picking up ſomething. I aſked what they were doing? and they ſaid, looking for muſhrooms, which their mother ſells to Sir Walter

Walter Wenman's houſekeeper. I ſet about helping them; and we preſently got as many very nice ones as will ſell, they ſay, for four ſhillings at leaſt.

Mrs. Belmour. You were certainly charitably employed.

Lionel. Then afterwards I went to help the farmer's men, and aſſiſted them to get in three loads of wheat; for they ſaid they were in a great hurry, and were afraid it would rain.

Mrs. Belmour. Well, that was better than being idle, certainly, though I do not imagine your work was of any great utility. I like the beginning of your morning better; for the perſons of that family are ſo induſtrious, that it is a great ſatisfaction to aſſiſt them. I have not been there very lately, but I like to converſe with the good woman, and perhaps we may this evening viſit their cottage.

Julius. And I will go, if you will give me leave, to ſee the ruin again from which I made this drawing.

Mrs. Belmour. Do ſo. It ſeems to me that your preſent progreſs well deſerves that you ſhould attend to its being correctly finiſhed.

Fanny. I don't underſtand why theſe buildings are in ruins now, which there ſeems to have been a great deal of pains taken once to build up.

Mrs. Belmour. A little recollection of what you have read of hiſtory, would, I ſhould imagine, explain it.

Sophia. Fanny affects to forget every thing. I ſuppoſe that ſhe will be like Mrs. Jaſperine, who is ſo very fine a lady, that ſhe cannot take the trouble to know any thing, and ſays it is very vulgar to have all ſorts of old ſtories at hand, like a teacher or a governeſs.

Mrs. Belmour. I do not much approve of your remark, Sophia: there is in it more of malice, I fear, than of friendſhip. Why ſhould you compare your ſiſter Fanny to a woman whoſe pride and ignorance are, among her acquaintance, almoſt proverbial?

Sophia. Oh! Fanny does not think it any affront, I aſſure you; Mrs. Jaſperine is one of her great favourites. She has ſaid very often that ſhe was a very agreeable woman, always dreſſed better than any body, and had ſo much taſte, it was quite charming to ſee the pretty things ſhe had about her.

Fanny. One may have an opinion, I ſuppoſe?

Mrs. Belmour. Certainly; and if the opinion be erroneous, it would be more becoming in your ſiſter to point out with good nature the reaſon why it appears ſo, than to blame you for entertaining it.

Sophia

Sophia (viſibly mortified). It is not difficult to know, however, why Mrs. Jaſperine is thought ſo agreeable by Fanny.

Fanny (with aſperity). No; nor is it difficult to know why you cannot endure her.

Mrs. Belmour. So! ſo!—Pray, if all this is worth an explanation, which I ſuſpect it is not, let us have it at once, that the converſation may take a pleaſanter turn.

Fanny. It was not my fault, however. I deſired Louiſa not to ſay a word about it.

Mrs. Belmour. Oh! Louiſa was in the ſecret. Come hither, my little girl, and tell me how Mrs. Jaſperine has offended Sophia, and acquired the good favour of Fanny.

Louiſa. Why, Aunt, the laſt time ſhe was here, ſhe went up ſtairs you know with her ſiſter, and you with them, to ſhew them the preſent you had received from my uncle in India; and while you was gone out of the room to fetch it, Mrs. Jaſperine ſaid, "That ſecond girl will be very handſome, and the two little ones, I believe, will be tolerable, but the eldeſt is changed for the worſe. I hate prim miſſes of that age, they are generally the moſt diſagreeable things in the world."

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. And where was the neceſſity of your repeating this? Indeed, Louiſa, I am very angry with you.

Louiſa. My dear Aunt, pray forgive me. I was not ſo very much to blame; for Fanny heard part of it as well as me, and ſhe made me tell her the reſt.

Mrs. Belmour. I know not which of you, Sophia or Fanny, deſerves the ſeverer cenſure. You have both extremely diſpleaſed me. Nor am I much better ſatisfied with you, Louiſa; your age, however, is ſome excuſe: but that Fanny ſhould not feel the impropriety of repeating the fooliſh remark of a fooliſh woman, or that you, Sophia, ſhould think it worth your while to be angry at it, gives me equal concern for both of you. I beg, if you cannot better regulate your minds and your tempers, than thus to fall into ſomething much too like a wrangle, (indulging on one ſide vanity offenſive to every body, and, on the other, peeviſh regret, injurious, Sophia, to yourſelf,) that you would both of you conceal from obſervation ſuch very diſguſting paſſions. By ſtruggling to hide them, you may, perhaps, learn to conquer them. As to you, Louiſa, who, young as you are, ought to know how odious the character of a tale-bearer is, I will ſay no more now about the fault you have committed, ſince you ſeem to be

ſincerely

ſincerely concerned; but the next time I have occaſion to reprove you, it will be with more ſeverity,

(*Sophia, Fanny, and Louiſa leave the room in tears.*)

Mary. My dear Aunt, I am ſo ſorry for them! Pray be not very angry.

Mrs. Belmour. It is rather in ſorrow than in anger I have ſpoken, Mary. I am ſorry to ſee any you indulging diſpoſitions, which, while they will infallibly embitter your future lives, will not fail to make you diſliked by others. I grieve to obſerve ſo much of envy in Sophia, though I believe ſhe does what ſhe can to avoid ſhewing it: and it is equally painful to me to remark in Fanny a reſtleſs vanity, that urges her always to aſk, or diſcover by any means however unjuſtifiable, what is ſaid of her, eſpecially if ſhe has reaſon to believe their opinion favourable to the high idea ſhe has of her own perſonal beauty.

Mary. Yes, my dear Aunt; but you know every body has ſome fault or other.

Mrs. Belmour. And ſo, becauſe we have learned to ſay that, we each of us fancy we have a right to indulge ſome failing (knowing it to be ſuch), and are ſatisfied that there is no occaſion to correct it, becauſe every body has ſome fault or other. I don't love thoſe common-

mon-place ſayings; but we ſhall loſe our walk. What ſay you, boys, and you, Mary, to a long ramble?

Mary. What, without Sophia and Fanny, and poor Louiſa?

Mrs. Belmour. No; we will invite them to be of the party, and endeavour to think no more of what has happened. Go, Mary, and tell them our intention.

(*Sophia, Fanny, and Louiſa come down prepared for their walk.*)

Mrs. Belmour. We will make two viſits to-day. The firſt ſhall be to Lady Penelope Piper, who, you know, conſents to do me the great favour to ſee me, and at any hour; but holds all the reſt of this neighbourhood in ſupreme contempt.* Lady Penelope is a woman of faſhion, married to a man of very large fortune, and who is alſo a good-natured and agreeable man; ſhe has two fine children, and every thing about her that the moſt faſtidious luxury can deſire: her huſband's whole ſtudy is to prevent her wiſhes, and, to all appearance, ſhe ought to be the happieſt woman in the world; but ſuch are her extraordinary talents for making herſelf miſerable, that ſhe is, in reality, the moſt unhappy woman breathing.

There is nothing that happens which is not a ſource of diſcontent. It is too hot or too cold; the weather is unwholeſome,

ſome, ſhe is ſure there will be a great deal of ſickneſs; the north-eaſt wind deſtroys her; hot weather makes her ſo languid, it is impoſſible for her to exiſt. She cannot endure the noiſe of London, nor breathe in ſo thick an atmoſphere; but the country is ſo dreary it quite oppreſſes her ſpirits. She cannot bear the fatigue of large aſſemblies, but a private party is ſo exceſſive dull! Her ſervants are certainly the moſt worthleſs ſet that ever lived. They do not, however, mind her whining, and their maſter pays them well for ſubmitting to it in ſilence, or there would never be any ſervants in the houſe. As to her children, ſhe no otherwiſe cares for them, than as they ſerve as perpetual ſubjects of complaint. Her daughter, Miſs Emily, is called very handſome. Her mother is aſtoniſhed that any one can think ſo; and, ſighing, obſerves, that ſhe owes her red hair to her father's family. Her ſon is well enough, ſhe ſays, except that he has his father's ſtrange awkward walk, and a voice which really ſhakes her nerves to atoms. As to thoſe whom this poor woman calls her friends, it is unfortunate to be claſſed among them; for ſhe not only dwells with pleaſure on their faults while they are called her friends; but ſoon contrives to quarrel with them, and to vilify them in every way poſſible. Upon the whole,

ſo

ſo wretched a being infeſts not the earth, as Lady Penelope [illegible].

Mary. Oh! pray, my dear Aunt, do not let us go there this evening. Why ſhould we?

Mrs. Belmour. I had my views in propoſing it; but, indeed, I do not know why, in general, we ſhould make theſe ſort of viſits, unleſs it is, becauſe we mechanically perform certain ceremonies, paſſively give up our time to people we neither love nor eſteem, and call it mixing with ſociety, and conforming to the cuſtoms of the world. For once, however, my dear Mary, I will indulge you with an exemption from this diſagreeable ſervice of enforced civility. You can all of you imagine from my deſcription what kind of being Lady Penelope is: we will now take nearly the ſame walk we did yeſterday, only we will go all the way over the heath to the back of the park. (*They proceed on their way.*)

Julius. Here are ſtill honeyſuckles in bloom. See, madam, what a fine branch I have got! Will you pleaſe to accept them?

Mrs. Belmour. Moſt willingly, my dear Julius. This is one of the moſt fragrant of our plants. It is called the wood-bine from its climbing over the hedges and low ſhrubs. The latin name is *periclimenum.* It is alſo called *lonicera*

and

and *caprifolium*; and, in French, *chevre-feuille*. This is the *periclimenum vulgare*, or common honeyſuckle. You ſee it has five ſtamina, and one ſtyle; and in its flowers, for every one of thoſe tubes is a diſtinct flower, is monopetalous, or of one petal. If you will bring me a bouquet of wild flowers, ſuch as you can now find, I will preſerve them in water, not only to ſhew you that I value theſe little good-natured attentions, but to give Mary an opportunity of making ſketches from nature of plants which are natives of our country.

Lionel. Pray, Aunt, what is this flower which I found under that old wall among dung and rubbiſh? It is extremely pretty, of a pale yellow, you ſee, ſtriped or veined with purple.

Mrs. Belmour. It is the henbane, in Latin *hyoſcyamus*; and is nearly allied in its characters to *nicotiana*, or tobacco. This alſo is monopetalous, or of one petal; and it is ranged by Linnæus in the firſt ſection of his fifth claſs, the *Pentandria Monogynia*, that is, with five ſtamina and one ſtyle.

Mary. And here, Aunt, is a plant growing wild, that is extremely like the mignionet which is in our windows and our garden—only it is not ſweet, and is taller and coarſer.

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. This is the *reſeda*, or dyer's weed, a native of this country; we call this plant alſo the baſtard rocket. That which is ſown to perfume our gardens, and which we ſee at many windows in London, is the *reſeda odorata*, or mignionet. It is placed in the third ſection of Linnæus's eleventh claſs, *Dodecandria Trigynia*, and has an undecided number of ſtamina from eleven to nineneen, and three ſtyles. Now we will delay our little botanical diſſertation till we return home, and I will ſhew you from this riſing ground the place whither we are going. Do you obſerve juſt below us that neat cottage? It was taken, you ſee, out of the waſte, and now is almoſt encircled between a rocky eminence of the park and its own humble encloſure, planted for a little kitchen-garden and orchard. There lives the mother of a family, who was, and I hope and believe is ſtill, the very reverſe of Lady Penelope, with an account of whom we began our walk. Let us go in.

Mary. It is quite a pleaſure to ſee ſo pretty a garden. And look, Sophia, what a quantity of bee-hives!

Sophia. I don't ſee much beauty in ſuch things.

Mary. Beauty? No—there is not much beauty; but ſurely it is pleaſant to ſee poor people with things about them that

that make them appear happy and comfortable.

Sophia. It is great affectation in you, Mary, to pretend to know or care any thing about all that.

Mary. Ah! well, ſiſter, you are in an ill humour, and it is better for me not to ſay any thing.

Sophia. I'm ſure you are quite as wiſe to let it alone. Such affectation is quite as bad as Miſs Fanny's vanity. See! ſhe is gone already to the woman's bit of a looking-glaſs that is ſtuck againſt the wall, and is perking and admiring her ſweet ſelf. Such pride really makes one ſick.

Mrs. Belmour (who had been talking to the female cottager). I thank you, Mrs. Beanfield, I will ſit down for a moment. It is a great while ſince I have ſeen you.

Dame Beanfield. Yes, indeed, ma'am, it is a very long while. I thought once or twice to have taken the liberty to have inquired after you and the young ladies, but it has been a buſy time with me. And ſince Peggy left me, to be ſure, my work is a good deal increaſed; but thank God I have kept my health!

Mrs. Belmour. And your cheerfulneſs and your induſtry, I am ſure.

Mrs. Beanfield. I hope ſo, ma'am. Indeed, what is the uſe of being caſt down? It mends nothing; and if I was to mope and ſink inſtead of doing my beſt, why,

why, I could not expect other folks to do for me; and then what would become of my poor children, you know?

Mrs. Belmour. You have ſtill—how many?

Mrs. Beanfield. Seven, madam, beſides James, who, I hope is doing well, and Peggy that was married the other day.

Mrs. Belmour. Well married, I hope, and to your ſatisfaction.

Mrs. Beanfield. Poor folks like us, ma'am, have no choice, you know, as people in upper life have. The young man, who is juſt out of his time, is a journeyman carpenter. He has a good character, and loves her; and though I could have wiſhed he had been a little before hand in the world, yet I content myſelf with hoping that they may do better than I did, who, you know, ma'am, made what my poor father thought a rich marriage, and had beſides ſomething of my own not inconſiderable for perſons in our way. And you ſee what it is all come to: I have been left with nine children, and ſtill I have ſeven to ſcramble for as well as I can.

Mrs. Belmour. Indeed there is great merit in your conduct; but I cannot imagine how you have managed to get on ſo well, and to have every thing ſo neat about you.

Mrs.

Mrs. Beanfield. It is not all, ma'am, owing to myſelf, for I do not believe that, without help, I could have done it; by help, I mean my Lord's kindneſs to me. This cottage was built by an old ſervant on a piece of waſte ground, and he was become quite aged, and unable to ſhift for himſelf; ſo when my huſband left me in ſo ſad a ſituation, my Lord was ſo good, both to poor old Richard and me, as to propoſe that I ſhould take care of him, and live in the cottage. My only fear was, that ſuch an antient man would be troubled by ſo many young children; but luckily he was good-nanatured, and fond of them, and uſed to like to have them about him; and they loved to wait upon him, and never diſturbed his garden, which was his chief pleaſure and amuſement. So we went on very well for about a year, my Lord being the beſt maſter in the world, to be ſure. I uſed to work for the family. I taught all my children to do ſomething; and James being fond of a ſea-faring life, my Lord got him a good birth, as it is called, in a ſhip commanded by a relation of his own; and ſoon after, when old Richard died, my Lord gave me the cottage and all the furniture as it ſtood. Since that, is now four years; and if it was not that ſix of my ſeven remaining children are girls, and only the youngeſt a boy,

a boy, who is but ſix years old, I ſhould have got more of them out.

Mrs. Belmour. Now pray tell me how you all employ yourſelves.

Mrs. Beanfield. Why, madam, for myſelf, I waſh and mend for ſome of my Lord's ſervants, and take in plain work; and that, with managing my own little matters and teaching the children, is almoſt as much as I can do.

Peggy, you know, is now out of the queſtion. Iſabel, my next girl, is a very good work-woman; and ſhe has learned to mantua-make tolerably well, ſo that ſhe gets a very good ſubſiſtence in making bonnets and cloaks, petticoats and gowns, not only for the ſervants at the great houſe, but for the ſhops at the next town. Perhaps ſhe might do better ſtill, that is, might get more money, if I choſe ſhe ſhould go out to day-work; but the people ſay ſhe is a pretty girl, and I won't have her riſk being made vain, and perhaps wicked, by hearing the flattery of footmen, and learning airs of ladies' maids.

Mrs. Belmour. You judge perfectly right.

Mrs. Beanfield. Eleanor is the next; ſhe is now thirteen, and I have had her taught to work wire for paper-makers. You know there is a perſon of that buſineſs at the next village; and I gave a premium,

premium, as they call it, to have her inſtructed, without making her quite an apprentice, and ſhe is now able to earn from ten to fourteen ſhillings a week.

Mrs. Belmour. Indeed I highly honour you for the induſtrious manner in which you have brought your children up.

Mrs. Beanfield. Betſy, who is a year younger, has learned to make lace; then the two next, Mary and Anne, I have had taught to write and read, and to ſpin and knit ſtockings. They do all that very well; and the youngeſt, my poor little Jeſſy, I hope to bring up as well, as at nine years old ſhe is the beſt knitter in the pariſh of her age, but ſhe is not quite ſo ſtrong as the others; I don't keep her ſitting ſo much, but ſend her ſometimes out with her brother Archibald, who already gets employment in my Lord's beech-wood as a wedge-cutter, and when he has not work, the two children, and ſometimes the older ones, gather muſhrooms, or ſtrawberries and raſpberries, in the ſeaſon, or they pick up acorns and beech-maſt, to help to fatten our pig, and gain a little matter by leaſing in harveſt time; and every little helps. We all work in the garden, and have had ſuch fine flowers while James was at home, that he uſed to get a good deal from the neighbouring gardeners for ſlips and ſeeds. My bees, too, in which I have

have been very lucky, have brought me in from five to eight pounds every year; and my orchard is now in ſuch full bearing, that, in a good year, I get cyder enough for our drink, and ſell apples to the amount of about three pounds. I have a piece of ground where I raiſe potatoes more than we uſe, and the reſt either go to market, or help to fat our pig. My Lord gave me a half-bred Alderney cow, which I really believe is the beſt milch cow in the pariſh—and therefore we ſeldom want milk; and when it happens that we do, the ſervants at the great houſe have my Lord's orders to let me have ſome. You ſee, therefore, madam, that I have great reaſon to be thankful and contented. It is true I was cruelly uſed; my huſband diſſipated almoſt all he had, and uſed to live at an ale-houſe. Very often he has taken mine and the children's clothes to ſell or pawn, that he might have money to buy liquor; and, if I was at any time provoked to complain, he did not ſcruple to uſe perſonal violence; inſomuch that my life was not always ſafe with him. At laſt he became acquainted with an attorney, one Brownington, who ſoon helped him to an end of the little he had left. He was put into priſon, and I and my children, after all the goods had been ſeized

and

and ſold, were turned deſtitute into the ſtreet.

My youngeſt boy, the poor little fellow that you ſee there in the garden with his ſpade, was then an infant at the breaſt —and Jeſſy was hardly eighteen months old. The reſt too were quite infants, or at leaſt were not old enough to be of any uſe to me.

Mr. Beanfield's friends are, ſome of them, you know, very rich people, and all of them are well in the world; but we were no ſooner reduced, than, though they had rather encouraged Beanfield's extravagance till then, they all tried to ſhake him off. One reproached him for his thoughtleſſneſs; another for his drunkenneſs; and a third told him of his other vicious indulgences: but his ſiſter, and one or two others of his neareſt relations, attacked me for what certainly I could not help, and very ſeverely ſuffered for. But I ſoon found that this pretended wrath was only an excuſe: they were afraid, that as I had nine children without an home, I ſhould aſk ſome of them to take one, and ſome another. They little knew that I would ſooner have worked at the hardeſt labour than have been obliged to any of them. Thank God, I was not—I was aſſiſted by nobody but my Lord ——, who is the poor perſon's friend, and is, indeed, God's

delegate on earth: and now, madam, I am got ſo much above my firſt diſtreſs, and my children are growing up and all induſtrious, and I truſt that we ſhall, though poor, be independent. I aſſure you I am as content as any one can be, and never riſe in the morning to my work, without thanking God that he has enabled me to earn my own and my children's bread in peace.

On their way home, Mrs. Belmour took occaſion to point out to the young party the difference between the character ſhe had deſcribed of Lady Penelope Piper, who, ſurrounded with every comfort, every luxury and ſplendour, was devoured by diſcontent, and made herſelf and every one around her wretched, and this worthy inhabitant of a cottage on a waſte, who by induſtry had acquired independence, and poſſeſſed invariable cheerfulneſs.

DIALOGUE X.

Slight Hiſtorical Sketches—a Caſtle—and the Little Hop-pickers.

THE father of Mrs. Belmour's wards now wrote to her, to ſay he had provided an houſe for them at Southampton for the remainder of the ſummer; and meaning to paſs a fortnight with them himſelf, he requeſted her to have the goodneſs immediately to remove thither with them. She, of courſe, was glad to ſee any proof of his regard for them, and complied as ſoon as the neceſſary preparations for the journey could be made.

Mr. Harland ſent his own coach and four for his daughters and their Aunt. The boys had their horſes, and their journey was to be of three days, as they were to ſleep the firſt night at the houſe of one of their friends near Bagſhot, and the next at Farnham. When they arrived there at an early hour—eager after novelty, and with that lightneſs of ſpirits which young perſons always feel from change of place, they obtained permiſſion to ramble about till it was dark. Their firſt viſit, of courſe, was to the Caſtle, whither Mrs. Belmour, who was ex-

tremely fond of plants, of which there was a fine collection, accompanied them; and her inſtructive converſation was thus continued:

Mrs. Belmour. As you, Julius, are a little of an antiquarian, can you tell us any thing relative to this caſtle?

Julius. Yes; it is among thoſe named in an account I have of all theſe buildings in England, but I recollect nothing remarkable about its hiſtory: it was one of thoſe built, I think, in the reign of King Stephen.

Mrs. Belmour. And can any of you recollect from what particular circumſtance it was, that ſo many of thoſe fortreſſes called caſtles, which we now ſee either in ruins or applied to other purpoſes, were known to have been erected in that reign?

Sophia. It was becauſe there were at that time two Pretenders to the Crown; one was the Empreſs Maud, or Matilda, widow of the Emperor Henry the Fifth of Germany, who married afterwards Geoffry Count of Anjou. She was the only ſurviving child of Henry the Firſt; but his nephew Stephen, the other competitor, taking advantage of her abſence at the death of her father, cauſed himſelf to be proclaimed King.

Mrs. Belmour. Torn by theſe two competitors for almoſt nineteen years, England

land became a theatre of war and bloodſhed; and each party endeavouring to ſecure themſelves by the poſſeſſion of poſts which either commanded the country or were of ſufficient ſtrength to protect their adherents and ſerve as garriſons, a great number of caſtles were at that time built. I have read in the account of this caſtle, that it was of conſiderable conſequence in thoſe wars which afterwards diſtracted the country, when the Engliſh and Norman Barons, deteſting the character, and indignant at the tyranny of the weak and wicked uſurper John, the grandſon of Matilda, flew into arms againſt him, and, after the inhuman murder of his nephew, Arthur Duke of Brittany, the ſon of Geoffry his elder brother, no longer kept any terms with a monſter, who was active only in cruelty and injuſtice, and who had ignominiouſly ſubmitted his kingdoms to the Pope; having, in a form dictated by Pope Innocent the Third, an imperious and able Pontiff, reſigned England and Ireland to St. Peter and St. Paul, and to Pope Innocent and his ſucceſſors.

Sophia. Shakeſpear has written, you know, a tragedy called King John, in which the artful addreſs of that deteſted tyrant, when he tries to perſuade Hubert to murder the innocent Prince his nephew;

phew; the pleading of the unhappy boy to his murderer; the maternal anguiſh of the wretched Conſtance the mother of Arthur; and the remorſe and dying agonies of the wicked monarch, are all moſt forcibly painted. There too is repreſented the reſignation of the crown, by John, to Pandolph the Pope's Nuncio.

Mary. What is meant by a Nuncio?—I ſaw the word in the Abridgement of the Hiſtory of England, and thought then I would aſk you its meaning.

Mrs Belmour. It means a meſſenger, or as we rather ſay ambaſſador, and comes from the Italian word *nunziare* to announce.—Some eccleſiaſtic of rank was uſually employed by the Popes to ſignify their orders to the monarchs of Chriſtendom, over whom as the ſucceſſors of St. Peter the Popes aſſumed unbounded authority.—But to return to the ſubject we have digreſſed from: When a monarch is neither beloved nor reſpected, he is not long obeyed. The proud and ſpirited Barons, who felt how unworthy ſuch a man was to govern them, took advantage of the cowardly and abject character of John, and, combining againſt him, determined on extorting from him a greater degree of freedom than they had enjoyed ſince the Conqueſt: and this, though they had no juſt ideas of political liberty, they at length obtained.

It

It was in vain that the Pope thundered forth his anathemas againſt this attempt. They met their worthleſs and reluctant King in a place called Runnymede, near Windſor; where, after ſome feeble attempts to evade it, the Barons compelled John to ſign that famous deed called Magna Charta, the Great Charter, which granted very important privileges to all orders of men, and laid the foundation of that freedom which has for many centuries been the glory and ſecurity of the Engliſh people.

Julius. I remember ſome lines intended for a pillar or monument of that tranſaction.

Mrs. Belmour. Well enough to repeat them? If you do, we will, with the leave of the honourable and reverend proprietor of this caſtle, ſit down on theſe ſteps of the keep, and, as we have yet time, continue our converſation.

Julius. The inſcription for a column at Runnymead, written by Dr. Akenſide:

Thou who the verdant plain doſt traverſe here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires, O ſtranger! ſtay thee, and the ſcene
Around contemplate well.—This is the place
Where England's ancient Barons, clad in arms
And ſtern with conqueſt, from their tyrant King
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and ſecure
The Charter of their freedom.—Paſs not on

Till

Till thou haſt bleſs'd their memory, and paid
Thoſe thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue.—And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go call thy ſons; inſtruct them what a debt
They owe their anceſtors; and make them ſwear
To pay it, by tranſmitting down entire
Thoſe ſacred rights to which themſelves were born.

Mrs. Belmour. Admirably repeated, my dear boy, and as if you felt and underſtood the ſubject! Have you ever recited it on your days of public ſpeaking at ſchool?

Julius. I learned it for that purpoſe, and took ſome pains to do it well; but, when the Doctor underſtood what lines I had choſen, he ordered me to give them up, and learn ſomething elſe. He would not ſuffer any of us, he ſaid, to repeat any [illegible] rant about liberty and nonſenſe.

Mrs. Belmour. Indeed! Well, we will not comment on the Doctor's deciſion, but conclude what we have to ſay on caſtles, and particularly on this.

In theſe wars then, and in thoſe which followed between the great Barons and Henry the Third, the feeble-minded ſon of this deteſtable King John, this caſtle was often the ſeat of defenſive war, and ſaw petty though bloody ſkirmiſhes beneath its walls. The Norman and Engliſh Barons, turbulent and reſtleſs during the

the minority of Henry, were driven to open violence, by the rapacity of his miniſters and creatures, as ſoon as he aſſumed the reins of government. His reign was a continual ſcene of contention, in which the famous Simon de Montfort Earl of Leiceſter made a very conſpicuous figure. Edward, the King's eldeſt ſon, was, in one of the battles he fought againſt the Barons, made priſoner; and after he had eſcaped, and returned to head the party which adhered to the King, he gave the Barons battle at Lewes; in which though he had at firſt the advantage, his unguarded eagerneſs urged him to purſue a body of men, chiefly Londoners, whom he hated for an offence they had given to his mother; and returning from the purſuit, he found the Earl of Leiceſter had entirely defeated his father's troops, and that his father himſelf, and his uncle the King of the Romans, were captives. The Prince was compelled to ſurrender himſelf alſo; and it was not till after the death of Leiceſter that the Prince, who, from the imbecility of his father, undertook the chief government of the kingdom, could reſtore order and tranquillity.

Fanny. This Edward is the ſame, is it not, who is repreſented in Thomſon's play of Edward and Eleonora?

Mrs. Belmour. The ſame.—Of his exploits we may take occaſion to ſpeak another day. He is one of thoſe monarchs whoſe reign the Engliſh record with pride and ſatisfaction, as he ſubdued the Welſh, and nearly rendered Scotland a province to England. But we muſt not wander into the wide field of hiſtory, but recall this monarch at preſent, only to obſerve, that this fortreſs was frequently beſieged during his father's reign (Henry the Third), and afterwards ſuffered in the ſenſeleſs conflict between the Houſes of York and Lancaſter, which for almoſt a century made England a ſcene of carnage and deſolation. Both parties were ſo utterly worthleſs, that the wonder is, how the people of this country could be ſo impoſed upon as to ſacrifice their lives in the quarrel of either.

This caſtle was again defended and attacked in the civil war of the laſt century, when the miſguided monarch Charles the Firſt at laſt periſhed on the ſcaffold. But ſince internal peace has been eſtabliſhed, it has become the reſidence of the Biſhops of Wincheſter, one of the richeſt ſees in England, and, improved as it now is, makes a very pleaſant and reſpectable reſidence. This ruin among which we now ſit was formerly the keep, or inner caſtle, a ſort of dernier reſſort; where, as it was the ſtrong-

eſt

eſt part of theſe ſtructures, the beſieged retired when the reſt was in poſſeſſion of the enemy.

Lionel. Pray, Aunt, what are thoſe plants which climb up poles, and of which we ſee ſo many on the road?

Mrs. Belmour. I rather wonder that you ſhould not know, Lionel. They are hops*, one of the ingredients in the uſual beverage of the Engliſh beer.—— They are juſt now picking them: we will go into an hop-garden, which is often a gay and pleaſant ſcene of cheerful labour. Come! we have yet time before the pickers leave their work.

(They take their way from the caſtle to the neareſt hop-garden.)

Lionel. Oh! this is delightful.—Look at the men tearing up the poles! and then ſuch quantities of people picking off the hops round thoſe pieces of cloth!

Mrs. Belmour. Thoſe pieces of cloth ſewn together at the end, and ſuſpended on wood, are called bins; and thoſe men are called pole-pullers.

Lionel. How they ſing and holla, and laugh!

Sophia. They are mighty rude people, methinks.—Some of them ſeem to me to be gipſies and travellers, as our ſervants call them.

* Lupulus.

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. I fancy this buſineſs collects all kinds of people together, as it is eaſy at leaſt, the mere act of ſevering the bloſſom of the hop from the bind or vine; and you meet in this country, and in Kent, carts filled with theſe labourers, collecting from all parts of the country to aſſiſt at what may be not unaptly compared to the vintage in France.

Sophia. From ſtories I have read, I cannot help fancying the peaſants in that country, and in Italy, are better dreſſed and better behaved than ſuch people as theſe:—and I have read in ſome Travels, that the Italian country girls are habited in ſilk jackets, and have little ſtraw hats lined with green luſtring and ſet off with flowers. How dirty and ſqualid theſe people are!

Mrs. Belmour. You muſt conſider, Sophy, the difference which climate makes in the condition of the poor. What ſort of a figure do you think a female peaſant here would make ſo accoutred? Perhaps, one of our country girls is as well able to dreſs as your elegant Italian peaſant; but ſhe buys her a long-tailed cotton gown, which certainly is not at all a commodious dreſs; a flounced blue, purple, or green ſtuff petticoat; and, if ſhe is quite a ruſtic, a good ſcarlet cloak which coſts two guineas, and often more, and a black hat or bonnet.

The

The appearance ſhe makes, though as coſtly, is certainly not half ſo elegant, not only as your Neapolitan or Livorneſe, who look (if they are juſtly deſcribed) like Opera dancers, but by no means ſo light and ſmart as a girl of the ſame rank among our Norman neighbours, particularly thoſe of a tract of land called *Le pais de Cauz*, where you ſee the fair *Cauchoiſe* ſitting quite ſideways on an aſs, which is led by her lover, or ſome relation or man of gallantry of her own rank. Her dreſs on gala days, or when ſhe goes to market, is a cotton or ſometimes a muſlin petticoat flounced; a jacket of fine ſcarlet cloth fitting cloſe to her ſhape; a clean plaited and laced muſlin cap with long lappets ſtreaming behind her, without an hat; a necklace of gold beads, to which is ſuſpended a croſs of the ſame precious metal, and ear-rings of the like materials. All which do not, perhaps, coſt more than the habiliments of our women of the ſame rank, but are certainly more fancifully diſpoſed.

Mary. My dear Aunt, I have been wandering with Julius round this place, and we have obſerved a little group that firſt excited our curioſity, and then made our hearts ache.

Mrs. Belmour. Pray conduct me to the party.—What! are thoſe the children you mean, ſitting under that hedge?

Mary.

Mary. Yes, Aunt; only remark them. Is not that a beautiful girl who ſits in ſo melancholy a poſture? You ſee ſhe has taken an hop-pole acroſs her lap, and with thoſe little children who are almoſt hid by the dangling bloſſoms and broad leaves, ſhe is picking them into her apron which is ſpread on the ground. Do you know, I ſaw the tears run down her cheeks as ſhe worked: She wiped them away, and ſeemed to try to get the better of her concern: but ſhe could not; and when I ſpoke to her, ſhe wept ſo that ſhe could hardly anſwer me.

Mrs. Belmour. Indeed, Mary, ſhe has a moſt intereſting countenance, ſuch a countenance as is ſeldom ſeen, at once ſenſible and ſimple. But what deep dejection appears on it for ſo young a perſon! Surely ſhe is not above fifteen; and ſeldom at that age, and in that rank of life, is misfortune ſeen to weigh ſo heavily. Perhaps we may be of ſome uſe to her: let us inquire.

Mrs. Belmour (addreſſing herſelf to the peaſant girl). Pray, my dear, how much of that work can you do in the courſe of the day, and what do you earn?

The poor girl. My mother-in-law is paid for my work, madam; I do not work for myſelf.

Mrs. Belmour. You ſeem to be uneaſy. Is not your mother-in-law kind to you?

The

The poor girl. I ſhall be puniſhed, madam, if I complain; but, indeed, my fate is very dreadful. *(She burſts into tears.)*

Mrs. Belmour. Tell me you name, and how it happens that you are thus circumſtanced. I imagine from your appearance, that you were not always brought up to work in the fields?

The poor girl. No, madam, indeed I was not; but I could ſubmit to that without murmuring, if I was only treated with common humanity.

Mrs. Belmour. Why does your father ſuffer you to be ill treated?

Poor Girl. Alas! madam, I have no father: he has been dead almoſt a year, and ſince that time——

Mrs. Belmour. Do not diſtreſs yourſelf thus; tell me if I can be of any ſervice to you.

Poor Girl. You are very good, madam; but if my mother-in-law ſhould know I complained——ſome of theſe little ones are her children, and they will tell her.

Mrs. Belmour. Come then with me, I will anſwer for your abſence to her. *(Aſide to Sophia and Mary.)* There is ſomething ſo intereſting in the face and manner of this young creature, that I cannot help attempting to ſerve her.

Mary.

Mary. Yes, pray, Aunt, do! What a beautiful countenance ſhe has!—(*The young perſon follows them timidly and trembling.*)

Mrs. Belmour. Well now, tell me in a few words, how it happens that you are ſo unlike the reſt of the people I ſee here.—Your name, you ſay, is Beatrice?

Beatrice. Yes, madam.—My father was a conſiderable farmer; he married my mother out of the family of Lady Henrietta H——, who brought her from Switzerland as a governeſs to her Ladyſhip's younger children. She was an orphan; and on Lady Henrietta's death, the family being all diſperſed, ſhe accepted my father's offer of marriage, and they lived very happily together for ſeven years. I have one brother older than myſelf, and two ſiſters younger; one is only nine, the other five years old. My poor mother fell into a decline ſoon after the birth of the latter, and died in a few months. I was then twelve years old, and with her laſt breath ſhe bade me give her bleſſing to my brother, who had been ſent out to ſea ſome time before at his own deſire; and told me, that, when ſhe was dead, I muſt be a mother to her two poor little girls.—(*Tears and ſighs now prevented her from proceeding.*)

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. Compoſe yourſelf, Beatrice!—Think you are ſpeaking to one, who, if it be in her power, will be your friend.

Beatrice. Ah! madam, your goodneſs—the kindneſs with which you ſpeak to me is ſo unuſual, that, together with the recollection of my poor mother, it quite overcomes me: but I will endeavour not to take up your time.—After my mother's death, my father was for ſome time in ſuch deſpair, that his temper was entirely changed; it ſeemed as if he became inſupportable to himſelf; and unhappily for us, he took to drinking, neglected his buſineſs, and his farm ſoon went to ruin. What was ſtill worſe, he connected himſelf with a very bad woman of the village, and was perſuaded to marry her; and from that time the miſery that we all ſuffered is not to be told. My poor father died in great wretchedneſs about ten months ago. The woman took poſſeſſion of every thing ſhe could tear from the creditors, who, on their parts, had no pity for us, that were the innocent ſufferers. We were turned into the ſtreet, but the pariſh——(Oh! how little my mother thought we ſhould be reduced to aſk alms of the pariſh!) would do nothing for us, becauſe the woman who called herſelf my father's widow had, they ſaid, poſ-

ſeſſed

ſeſſed herſelf of his goods. She became more and more abandoned as ſhe became more deſperate, and at laſt ſet out to travel about the country to beg or ſteal; ſhe took her own three children, and the youngeſt of my unhappy mother's, with her, and left me, with the eldeſt, chargeable on the pariſh. They ſent after her, however, and ſoon overtook her, and, having brought her back, made her, I know not by what law, take us alſo; and ſhe thought ſhe could compel me to be as wicked as ſhe was, and that, as I was young, ſhe might make money by my means:—but I never would become the wretched creature ſhe would have made me; and though I have been barbarouſly beat, ſuffered all ſorts of inſults, and been often without food and without lodging, yet, I thank God, I have had courage hitherto to withſtand all her cruelty, as well as her perſuaſion and her example. The two poor children my ſiſters make my heart ache moſt. I cannot go away without them; for I promiſed my mother as ſhe was dying that I never would forſake them. Had it not been for that, I would have tried to have procured ſome humble ſervice; for I ſhould not care how hard I worked, were I but out of the power of that wicked and moſt unfeeling woman.

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. You ſeem to have been well educated?

Beatrice. Yes, madam; for my ſtation, perhaps too well. My mother was the daughter of a reputable tradeſman at Lauſanne, and was what is called very well accompliſhed. She taught me to ſpeak French, which was her native tongue, as well as I could Engliſh; and I had learned muſic of her, and could play very tolerably: but all my books and a muſical inſtrument, and a great deal of printed and manuſcript muſic were ſwept away; and deſpondence, indeed deſpair, has long been ſo heavy on my mind, that I now do not recollect all that without tears of anguiſh; and often I think it would be better if I had been ignorant and groſs, like the people whom I am condemned to live with.

Mrs. Belmour. And what if means could be found, Beatrice, to take you out of this ſad way of life?

Beatrice. Oh! madam, God Almighty only could reward ſo good an action. The duty and thankfulneſs of my whole life would be too little; but my poor Albertine, my poor Adele, what would become of them?

Mrs. Belmour. I think I could find means to provide for them.

Beatrice. Oh! what bleſſings you would be entitled to from us all, madam!

dam! But it is impoſſible; you cannot be ſo good!

Mary. Oh! you do not know *how* good my Aunt is, or elſe you would not doubt it.

Mrs. Belmour. Come, come, I have a plan that I think will do: I have an houſe twelve miles from London, left under the care of a very faithful old ſervant: you and your two ſiſters ſhall be ſent thither till my return from Southampton: I will give proper directions about you; and I am ſure, though I am not very rich, I ſhall, by the help of my friends, find means to aſſiſt you all.

Beatrice and her two ſiſters, both very lovely children notwithſtanding the ſqualid wretchedneſs in which they had lately lived, were now directed to accompany Mrs. Belmour and her wards to the inn. She there convinced herſelf that all ſhe had heard was true, and, ſending for the ſtep-mother of theſe unfortunate orphans, ſoon got her to give up all the power ſhe had uſurped over them. They were then ſent to Mrs. Belmour's houſe, when ſhe gave directions to have them decently clothed, and provided for till her return. And having done this generous and praiſeworthy action, the whole party proceeded, with all thoſe pleaſurable ſenſations which

which the conſciouſneſs of benevolence beſtows, to their deſtination.

Beatrice proved to be a young perſon of very ſuperior underſtanding, and ſo well accompliſhed, as to preclude the neceſſity of having maſters for Mary and Louiſa, Mrs. Belmour having taken her into her family. From thence in about two years ſhe married extremely well, and was ſucceeded in her place by Albertine, who had, by a ſubſcription raiſed for her, been kept at ſchool as an half-boarder. Beatrice took Adele to live with her; and thus, in conſequence of the fortunate accident of Mary's and her brother's noticing theſe poor girls in the hop-ground, three innocent creatures were reſcued from the horrors of the guilt and miſery too often incurred by extreme poverty, and were rendered valuable to ſociety and happy in themſelves.

DIALOGUE XI.

A Walk by the Water—with Sketches of Mineralogy.

ARRIVED at their deſtination, the young party were delighted with the beautiful ſcenery around Southampton. The

The water, with its woody banks, and white ſails glancing in the ſun; the parties of pleaſure that were made for them upon it; and the views they enjoyed of places remarkable in hiſtory, all combined to keep alive their attention, and awaken that ſpirit of inquiry which their Aunt loved to encourage, as the foundation of knowledge at once uſeful and agreeable to its poſſeſſor,—teaching

"That which before us lies in daily life,"

as well as opening thoſe ſources of inveſtigation which lead to the arts ornamental to life, and the ſciences; that prevent the *tædium vitæ*—the wearineſs which too frequently renders it burthenſome, even in the higheſt proſperity.

Mrs. Belmour and her intereſting group were one evening walking on the beach at low tide, when Lionel, approaching with a maſs of ſome dark-looking heavy ſubſtance in his hands, ſaid—

Lionel. I have found ſomething that reſembles coal, only it is harder, and is veined and ſpotted with yellow, which looks almoſt like gold.

Mrs. Belmour. It is coal, but has been long hardened by immerſion in the ſea-water, and beaten by the waves till its ſofter parts are waſhed away. Thoſe veins which ſeem to run through it, are formed

formed of ſome mineral mingled with it in its bed.

Lionel. What is coal?

Mrs. Belmour. It is an inflammable ſubſtance which lies in beds in the earth, generally mingled with ſulphur or brimſtone. There are ſeveral ſorts of it, and it is in more general uſe in England as fuel, than in any other country. On the continent of Europe they ſeldom burn it but for the fires neceſſary in their manufactures; and both the French and the Italians have a ſtrong prejudice againſt it, as being unwholeſome, and particularly prejudicial to the lungs.

Julius. Pray tell me what are minerals and metals.

Mrs. Belmour. There are ſix metals, properly ſo called: gold and ſilver, which are diſtinguiſhed by the name of the precious metals; lead, copper, iron, and tin. But of minerals, which are alſo produced in the bowels of the earth, the liſt is more numerous: quickſilver, ſulphur, alum, ſalts, antimony, vitriol, ochre, &c. The magnet is alſo a mineral.

Julius. What an extraordinary thing the magnet is!—I do not quite underſtand what I have read about it.

Mrs. Belmour. Nor am I particularly verſed in its qualities. I only know generally, that it is a ſpecies of iron found in iron mines, which has the ſingular property

property of attracting that metal; and that, if you break and divide a large maſs of it into innumerable parts, each of theſe will point north and ſouth; a quality, as well as that of attraction, which it communicates to other pieces of iron, if they are rubbed on it for a conſiderable time. In conſequence of this extraordinary power, it has become of the moſt eſſential uſe in navigation. The ancients knew no means of finding their way at ſea but by the ſtars: of courſe, when thoſe celeſtial bodies were not viſible, the wandering ſailor was frequently at a loſs how to ſteer. The mariner's compaſs, of which the neeedle conſtantly points north and ſouth, now inſtructs the ſeaman in all weathers how he is to guide his ſhip.

The firſt knowledge of this uſeful application of the magnet is ſuppoſed to come from Marco Polo, a Venetian, in the 13th century: but it is ſaid to have been before known to the Chineſe.

Julius. But beſides the minerals you have mentioned, there are diamonds, are there not, and other jewels found in the earth?

Mrs. Belmour. You have heard of diamond mines, but diamonds are not therefore minerals. This precious ſtone was called adamant by the ancients. You remember frequently hearing the expreſſi-

on,

on, "as hard as adamant," the diamond being the hardeſt body in nature. The ſtones, the poſſeſſion of which is ſuch an object of human vanity, are found in mines in the Eaſt Indies. And there are alſo two rivers in that country, in the ſands of which are diamonds.

Lionel. But in England we have neither gold nor diamonds?

Mrs. Belmour. Nor is it to be regretted. We could not here work the mines if we had, ſince that is done by wretched ſlaves, who are compelled to labour without clothes, leſt they ſhould ſecrete any part of the treaſure they are employed to procure. Riches are not always the means of power; it is well known that a nation poſſeſſing iron, will always be the maſter of one poſſeſſing only gold. It is probable that the iron within its bowels, and the knowledge poſſeſſed by its inhabitants how to work it, are the cauſes why that quarter of the world called Europe, has for many thouſand years poſſeſſed ſo decided a ſuperiority over the other diviſions of the earth. In the rugged boſom of the mountains of the North this uſeful metal is chiefly found, though there are very conſiderable quantities of it in Spain and France. Much of what is uſed, however, comes from Sweden and Norway. Manufactured in furnaces by means of extreme heat, it forms, either

ſingly or united with copper, all the utenſils with which man cultivates the ground, or raiſes on it his habitation, or ſupplies himſelf with the conveniencies of life. Happy if he confined its uſe only to thoſe purpoſes, and had not contrived with it inſtruments of deſtruction!

Julius. But ſteel is more fit for thoſe purpoſes?

Mrs. Belmour. Steel is only refined iron, condenſed ſo as to receive a finer poliſh, and manufactured in a different manner. The metal ſo prepared, and cut with the exquiſite ſkill which our workmen have acquired, has been ſold in trinkets and ornaments at the price of gold.

Unfortunately for human nature, and unfortunately for the honour of chriſtianity, one of theſe gifts of God has been made the inſtrument of depopulating that part of the earth where he had placed the other. You have read, I think, of the deſtruction of the empire of Peru by the Spaniards?

Julius. Yes, I have; and I remember I was ſo much ſhocked at it, that I found it impoſſible to finiſh the ſtory.

Mary. But I have alſo read, Aunt, that the man who diſcovered America was not cruel at all.

Mrs. Belmour. No; he was a man of humanity as well as talents. He was deſtined

deſtined to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, and to diſcover another continent, equal in magnitude to all the then known world. I fancy, Sophia, you recollect ſome particulars relative to this great event? It is not long ſince I gave you an abridged account of it to make into French.

Sophia. I believe I can repeat it with tolerable correctneſs: Chriſtopher Columbus, the diſcoverer of America, was a native of Genoa. Being a man of conſiderable knowledge for the time in which he lived, and of deep reflection, he formed a more juſt idea of the figure of the earth than was given by the rude charts of that unenlightened period, and imagined he could find a way to India and to China, countries already known and traded to by Europeans, through the weſtern ocean. He propoſed the experiment to the Genoeſe Government, who rejected it as viſionary. He next applied to ſeveral other powers of Europe, among others, to Henry the Seventh then King of England: but that cold-blooded and avaricious monarch had no ſpirit of adventure; and Columbus, after long ſolicitation and infinite mortification, was at length employed by Ferdinand King of Spain, but was ſtill more protected and encouraged by Iſabella his Queen; and, being appointed to the command of three

ſhips, ſailed in the month of Auguſt, 1492, on a voyage which finally produced the moſt important effects to the world of any that was ever undertaken.

Columbus encountered infinite difficulties from the mutinous diſpoſition of his crew, and was even in danger of falling a victim to their diſcontent. After being at ſea thirty-three days, the longeſt voyage ever known till then, he landed on what are now called the Bahama Iſlands. No gold, however, was to be found there; and it was after gold he was moſt eager, becauſe he knew nothing would ſo much recommend him to his employers. In conſequence, however, of theſe inquiries, he next diſcovered the iſland by him and ever ſince called Hiſpaniola.

Mrs. Belmour. We muſt look for theſe places on the map, in our leſſon of geography for to-morrow. Do you remember any more particulars?

Sophia. Columbus, after planting a colony in Hiſpaniola, returned to Spain. He afterwards diſcovered Cuba and Jamaica. But the natives, who had at firſt imagined the Spaniards to be deſcended from heaven, and had worſhipped them as beings of a ſuperior order, had now diſcovered that theſe demi-gods were mere men, ſuperior only in the poſſeſſion of inſtruments of deſtruction, and, tired with their tyranny and rapacity, rebelled againſt

againſt them, and would have deſtroyed them but for the prudence and valour of Columbus. His enemies in Spain were all this time endeavouring to ruin him; and he was at length compelled to return thither, where he was tried for miſconduct, acquitted, and once more reſumed his projects of diſcovery. On his third voyage, he landed on the Continent of South America, an immenſe tract abounding in thoſe precious metals which excite the avarice of Europeans.

But the Spaniards whom he had left at Hiſpaniola rebelled, and Columbus, now infirm from fatigue rather than years, was under the neceſſity of returning thither to attempt the reſtoration of peace. While he was engaged in this arduous undertaking, perſons in Spain who envied his glory intrigued againſt him ſo ſucceſsfully, that a judge was ſent from thence to try him; his effects were confiſcated, and he was himſelf, with his brothers, loaded with irons, and embarked for Spain. * "The captain of the veſſel, touched with reſpect for the years and great merit of Columbus, offered to take off the irons, but he did not permit it. 'Since the King has commanded that I ſhould obey his governor, he ſhall

* Theſe ſentences are copied literally from "Burke's Settlements in America," as being remarkable, and incapable of abridgement.

find

find me as obedient to this as I have been to all his other orders: nothing but his commands ſhall releaſe me: if twelve years hardſhip and fatigue; if continual dangers and frequent famine; if the ocean firſt opened, and five times paſſed and repaſſed, to add a new world abounding with wealth to the Spaniſh monarchy; and if an infirm premature old age brought on by thoſe ſervices, deſerve theſe chains as a reward, it is very fit I ſhould wear them to Spain, and keep them by me as memorials to the end of my life."—

"Great minds, though more apt to forgive injuries, perhaps, than common ſouls, do not eaſily loſe the memory of the wrongs that are done them. Columbus afterwards carried theſe irons with him wherever he went; they hung conſtantly in his chamber, and he ordered them to be buried with him."—

"Notwithſtanding the diſcouragement which one would have imagined this circumſtance would have been to the ſpirit of diſcovery, many projectors undertook voyages to the new world; and among others Americus Veſputius, an enterpriſing and ſkilful geographer and navigator, who having obtained the charts of Columbus, and purſued the ſame line of inquiry, contrived to arrogate to himſelf the merit of the diſcovery, and gave his name

name to half the world."—Columbus, who was thus unjuſtly defrauded, returned a fourth time to America, made farther diſcoveries, and died at length in Spain, unrewarded by any thing but a conſciouſneſs of his great actions.

Mrs. Belmour. I thank you, Sophia; ſo far I recollect your theme went. It remains only to relate, that the treachery and cruelties practiſed by Cortez on the Mexicans and their unhappy Emperor Montezuma, and by Pizarro on the Peruvians, are ſuch as cannot be read without horror. It is a ſhocking reflection, that the thirſt of gold ſhould engage men, who profeſſed chriſtianity, and were even bigots to their religion, in acts of ſuch enormity. But it ſeems as if, by a future and more juſt arrangement of the affairs of this world, thoſe who are curſed with the hateful paſſion of avarice find their puniſhment in the acquiſition of that money, which they forget their humanity to obtain. It is often known to be the caſe in private life. Pope, I think, ſays

Damned to the mines, an equal fate betides
The wretch who digs it, and the wretch who hides.

And certainly, in regard to nations, thoſe which poſſeſs mines of the precious metals are poorer than thoſe who have only iron. Spain and Portugal, ſince South

South America has become a part of their poſſeſſions, have degenerated in arts and arms; in commerce and in agriculture; and the poet's prophecy has been completely fulfilled. My dear Mary, you learned yeſterday the ſhort poem called "The Revenge of America*," try now if you can repeat it.

Mary. When fierce Pizarro's legions flew
O'er ravaged fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful Genius roſe.
He ſat on Andes'† topmoſt ſtone,
And heard a thouſand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To ſee huge Plata‡ foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, ſtamp'd the ground,
To view his cities ſmoking round.
What woes, he cry'd, hath luſt of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plunderers, proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye ſhall meet deſtruction there:
From the deep-vaulted mine ſhall riſe
The inſatiate fiend, pale Avarice,
Whoſe ſteps ſhall trembling juſtice fly,
Peace, order, law, and liberty.
I ſee all Europe's children curſt
With lucre's univerſal thirſt:
The rage that ſweeps my ſons away,
My baneful gold ſhall well repay.

* By Dr. Joſeph Warton.

† The Andes are mountains in America, ſuppoſed to be the higheſt in the world.

‡ La Plata, one of the great rivers in America.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XII.

An Evening Ramble in the Foreſt.

ABOUT ſeven miles from Southampton, in a ſequeſtered part of the New Foreſt, there reſided an old friend of Mrs. Belmour's, with whom, not having ſeen her for many years, ſhe now took occaſion to paſs a fortnight. As her wards were for a time under the protection of their father, only Sophy and Mary accompanied their Aunt in this viſit. Julius, however, came at his own deſire for the laſt two days of their ſtay; though the year was declining, and autumn with his mellow pencil had already touched ſome of the ſhades under which they wandered. But the ſort of taſte they had acquired under the tuition of a perſon who had ſo true a reliſh for the beauties of Nature as Mrs. Belmour, now afforded them the greateſt pleaſure. They rambled either together, or in company with their Aunt, among the deep glades and ſhadowy thickets of the foreſt; and Sophia, having made conſiderable progreſs in drawing, availed herſelf of this opportunity of ſtudying, what has not generally been ſufficiently attended to, the various forms of trees. Charlotte Amiel, a young woman the near relation

of the friend at whoſe houſe they were, ſometimes accompanied them on theſe walks. She had been almoſt ſelf-educated, having lived till very lately, at a very great diſtance from London, with an old and infirm grandmother, where the only advantage ſhe enjoyed was the uſe of an extenſive library. A lively imagination, a great deal of undirected reading, and a warm heart without the ſlighteſt knowledge of the world, had made Miſs Amiel what is termed romantic; but ſhe was ſo good-natured, ſo unaffectedly kind to perſons younger than herſelf, as well as reſpectful and attentive to thoſe who were older, that ſhe was a general favourite with all; and though Mrs. Belmour was uſually averſe to her niece's forming any great intimacy, ſhe imagined the cold and ſometimes half-repulſive manners of Sophia might be improved by the vivacity ſo agreeably tempered by ſimplicity and goodneſs of heart, which compoſed the character of Charlotte Amiel.

This their new friend, with Sophia and Mary, had one day rambled to a conſiderable diſtance from their preſent abode; evening was approaching. The declining ſun, darting his almoſt horizontal rays through the underwood and lighter trees on the ſkirts of the woods, illuminated the grey boles of the aſh, birch, and

and young beech, and gave to them, retiring in diſtance amidſt the lengthening glooms of the foreſt, that brilliant relief, which painting ſometimes attempts to imitate in vain. The peculiar ſmells that float in the air in copſes, and which ariſe from the exhalation of innumerable leaves; the variety of colours thoſe leaves preſented, either from the change of ſeaſon or their native hues; the low notes of the wood-lark and robin, the laſt ſongſters of the year; and that ſort of quiet which a fine autumnal evening breathes over every object—all had combined to make the two elder of this trio, Charlotte, Amiel and Sophia, forget the hour; while Mary, who had learned to be particularly amuſed with the native plants of fields and hedge-rows, had ſtrayed to a ſmall diſtance, collecting ſuch ſpecimens as were yet to be found—though no longer were

——"The wood-lanes ſtrewed
With violets, cowſlips, and ſweet marygolds* :"

when Sophia, who had been liſtening to Charlotte's account of her former life, ſuddenly looked up, and, obſerving that the ſunny glow ſhe had a few moments before remarked had faded, and that

* The poet who wrote theſe lines (in an old play) had more fancy than botanical obſervation. At leaſt, marygolds were never in this country to be found in woods, if ſome other plant than what we call ſo be not meant.

night

night was imperceptibly adding its dark ſhadows to thoſe of the boughs among which they were wandering, ſhe called to Mary to rejoin them, and to Charlotte expreſſed her apprehenſions that they had already loſt their way. She playfully anſwered in the words of Comus—

Charlotte. "I know each lane and every alley
"green,
"Dingle or buſhy dell of this wild
"wood;
"And every boſky bourn from ſide to
"ſide,
"My daily walks."

Sophia. Yes, my dear Charlotte; but are you ſo ſure you ſhall know your way when it is dark?

Charlotte. At any time, Sophia. Beſides, it is only fancying ourſelves like the wandering Lady in Comus, and we may indulge all ſorts of romantic viſions.

Mary. But, dear Miſs Amiel, conſider what ſort of viſions our poor Aunt, and your good friend Mrs. Boweroak, may have in the mean time.

Charlotte. Oh! they will not be uneaſy. I have walked out by myſelf at all times of the evening, and never was the leaſt alarmed. There is no danger here, I aſſure you, my little Mary, as there is perhaps in walking late near London: beſides, the moon is riſing, and will light us home.

Sophia

Sophia (*apart to Charlotte*). My dear friend, I would not frighten Mary, but, to tell you the truth, I am moſt ſadly frightened myſelf; I am ſure I ſaw ſomething move amongſt that tuft of wood.

Charlotte (*laughing at her fears*). 'Tis Comus himſelf, to be ſure; or, peradventure, ſome friendly ſhepherd coming to protect us wandering virgins from the arch impoſtor, and give us

"Some little cheering
"In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous boughs."

Do you know, Sophia, I have often, in rambling about this foreſt, fancied that it would be vaſtly delightful for ſome of thoſe perſons who can afford private theatricals, as they are called, to act Comus in ſuch a place as this. I wiſh I knew any of thoſe charming parties; I would propoſe it, and offer myſelf to do the Lady. Liſten: I aſſure you I do not ſing the ſong amiſs.

Charlotte then ſang the firſt lines of "Sweet Echo," in a ſtrong and ſweet voice, but ſimply, and without any of thoſe ornaments which ſhe would have added, had ſhe been regularly taught. Sophia, whoſe fear only prevented her receiving pleaſure from the romantic gaiety of her friend, juſt as ſhe ended the line

"Tell me but where!"

would

would have whiſpered to her to ſtop; but in a moment the notes of theſe words were repeated ſlowly, and with a more ſolemn cadence, from a clarinet at ſome little diſtance within the foreſt. It was now Charlotte's turn to be frightened! She liſtened with her two young friends, in mute amazement not unmingled with dread. Each was afraid of ſpeaking for a moment; and before either of them acquired courage enough to expreſs the various emotions they felt, the notes were heard again ſtill more ſlowly, but they thought nearer.

Sophia. Oh! dear Miſs Amiel! what can it be?—Pray let us haſten home.—Who can it poſſibly be?

Charlotte (recovering herſelf). Nobody, certainly, who would hurt us? A perſon intending to hurt us would not approach us with muſic. It is ſome gentleman, probably, who, tempted like us by the beauty of the evening, has rambled out with his flute or clarinet. We will haſten home, however, as faſt as we can; for Mrs. Boweroak certainly would not be pleaſed if we were to be very much beyond our uſual hour of return.

Mary. And I am ſure my poor dear Aunt will be terrified as it is; and I am ſo ſorry when her fears for us make her uneaſy, becauſe ſhe is almoſt always ill after it.

Sophia.

Sophia. Pray, Mary, let us not have any of your affected ſentiment, now—I ſuppoſe I ſhould be as ſorry as you if my Aunt was to be made uneaſy. My good Miſs Amiel, are you quite ſure you are right?

Charlotte. Oh! yes: I believe I am quite ſure, yet I do not remember this glade, which ſeems to be cloſed at that end with ſuch very thick wood. Mary, pray do not hurry ſo. Give me, my dear Sophia, a moment's time to conſider. If you hurry me ſo, I ſhall turn wrong—I queſtion, indeed, if I have not done it already. Softly, ſweet girls, I entreat you!—Your fears bewilder me!

Sophia. Did we not come down this green way?

Charlotte. Yes, I believe ſo——Oh! ſtay—the moon is riſing, we ſhall know better preſently. No, we are wrong; I am ſure we did not paſs thoſe arbeals; I can diſtinguiſh them by their white leaves trembling and ruſtling, even little as the wind is, and by the ſilver grey of their ſtems. I know where we are; but ——be not frightened, my dear friends, we are a great way farther from home than I imagined. I have, ſomehow or other, turned wrong.

Mary. Good Heaven! what will become of us? What will my Aunt ſay?

Sophia.

Sophia. We ſhall wander all night about the woods, and my Aunt will be half diſtracted to think what is become of us.

Mary. Huſh! huſh!—I am ſure I heard a noiſe.

Charlotte. It was only the murmuring trembling noiſe of the aſpen leaves—of thoſe arbeals.

Sophia. There it is again—and too loud, I am ſure, to be merely the whiſpering of leaves.

Charlotte. Well, well; but it is only the deer that are ſleeping or grazing among the thickets.

Mary. Oh! I almoſt wiſh now to hear the muſic again; for if we ſhould meet any thing more dreadful!—Robbers lurk about in woods!

Charlotte (impatiently). Pray, child, do not terrify yourſelf and us ſo fooliſhly; you will ſo perplex me, that I ſhall never find my way.

Sophia. And we are getting into a thicker and ſtill thicker part of the wood.

Mary. The moon is up, but ſhe will give us no light through theſe trees.—Oh! I remember, too, that ſomebody told me there were wild boars in theſe great woods.

Charlotte. Wild boars!—Grant me patience!—Don't, my dear Mary, be ſo nonſenſical;

nonſenſical; it only puzzles me, and does no good.

Sophia. Be quiet, Mary; I thought you boaſted mightily of preſence of mind.

Mary (clinging cloſer to her ſiſter, and half whiſpering). Oh! Sophia, you may ſcold me if you will, but indeed—indeed I heard an horrible grumbling noiſe juſt by us among that black tuft of trees that we muſt paſs: there may be ſome wild beaſts there, a beaver, or a badger, or a

———

Charlotte. Now, indeed, Mary, if I had time, I could laugh. Don't you know that there are no wild boars in our foreſts, nothing but common ſwine? Perhaps ſome of them may be ſtraggling about, and what harm will they do you, I wonder? As to beavers, you ought, to know there are no ſuch things in England; and if there were, they would not hurt you. They are amphibious animals, and live in the great rivers of America. Come, walk on this way, and never think of ſuch ſilly fears.

Mary. I muſt not diſpute with you, Miſs Amiel; but I'm ſure I always thought there were beavers in ſuch places as theſe, becauſe once, when we were ſtraying with Papa, a great many men and dogs went down to the river to hunt them.

Sophia.

Sophia. No, no, it was an otter, that eats the fiſh, which they went to hunt—But what ſignifies it now? Is there not more ſenſe, d'ye think, in trying to find our way, than to talk of beavers and otters?

Charlotte. Oh! come, I think I now have got into the right path, I can juſt diſtinguiſh it by the moon-light. There is the haunted oak.

Sophia. The haunted oak!

Mary. Oh! good God have pity upon us!—Why, is it haunted?

Charlotte. 'Tis only called ſo—I know not why—like the Oak of Hern the hunter you remember in Windſor foreſt, which is mentioned by Shakeſpeare. There is much ſuch another ſtory about this old tree.

(*Mary ſhrieks.*) Oh! Heaven have mercy upon us! I ſaw, indeed I ſaw a human ſhape.

Sophia. I thought too I ſaw ſomething move!—Look! look! There is ſomebody, or elſe a ſpirit coming from among the trees!—And now the moon ſhines directly through thoſe ſtems, and indeed I ſee a man walking among them.

Charlotte, who had now loſt all her courage, in vain attempted, while her terrified companions clung to her, to fly. The ſhadow continued to move among the trees. They ſaw him, as now the glancing

glancing moon-beams fell on his figure, and were now intercepted by the intervening trees. They ſlowly, for they trembled too much to make great haſte, retreated, looking behind them at every ſtep, clinging cloſe to each other, and each ready to drop with apprehenſion. At length they heard the footſteps of their purſuer; and now he was ſeparated from them only by buſhes and fern, he ſtepped more haſtily on, and, being within a few ſteps of them, ſpoke.

Stranger. Who paſſes there?

Charlotte. Oh! Sir—Oh! I hope, Sir——

Stranger (approaching nearer). Is it young ladies I ſpeak to?

Charlotte. We are at preſent belonging to Mrs. Boweroak's family; we have loſt our way in our evening walk, and——

Stranger. And I am afraid I have frightened you, ladies?

Charlotte (with courage). A little, Sir. We are far from home, and we are afraid our friends will be alarmed at our being ſo late—Could you direct us to Eaſtwood End?

Stranger. Moſt willingly; but I could firſt direct you to another houſe, where there are thoſe who would be delighted to ſee you.

Charlotte.

Charlotte (alarmed). No, Sir; you muſt excuſe us. It is impoſſible indeed for us to think of entering any other houſe.

Stranger. Are you aware how far you are from your own?

Charlotte. We cannot be very far off, and the time that we ſhould paſs in going to any other houſe would carry us thither.

All this time the whole party walked on, the ſtranger leading the way; when ſuddenly among the deepeſt ſhade of the woods a cottage appeared in an almoſt circular receſs. The rays of the moon fell on its white front and red-thatched roof, and from the low caſements ſtreamed the light of candles through the leaves of honeyſuckles and broad-leaved myrtle, which luxuriouſly mantled the windows.——"Here," ſaid the ſtranger, "is an houſe, the inhabitants of which have long wiſhed to be known to you, Miſs Amiel. Will you now refuſe to gratify them?"

Charlotte. Known to me, Sir!—I ſhould be ſorry to be ungrateful for their obliging wiſhes, but indeed I muſt decline going in. The alarm an unuſual abſence has occaſioned at home, will, I know, be already extreme; and I am by no means

means eaſy enough to feel any deſire to begin an acquaintance.

Stranger. But, if your kindneſs does not excite you to oblige *me*, ſurely you will yourſelves want ſome refreſhment?

All ſpeak. Oh! No, no!

Charlotte. We only beg to be permitted to go home. We will endeavour to find the way, if you cannot make it convenient to you to conduct us.

Stranger. I give you my word of honour that I will ſend a ſervant to wait on you, if you will not deign to accept my ſervices, if you will only wait till I call him. Conſider that you have already conſiderably wandered from the path which brought you to this quarter of the wood, and that it will be extremely difficult for you to regain it by the little light the moon gives among the boughs of the woods. Inſtead of finding yourſelves at the houſe of Mrs. Boweroak, you may be more inextricably bewildered, and may find yourſelves in ſome leſs hoſpitable part of the country. Do you recollect that there is a ruffian who ſubſiſts, with a large family, on plunder of every ſort that comes in his way, and whoſe hovel is on the ſkirts of the foreſt? that he has been known to rob ſeveral perſons whom he has met late, though he has always taken care not to be known?—And who

can

can tell whether ſuch a marauder might not be tempted to ſtop ſo defenceleſs a party, ſhould he meet you?

Sophia. Oh! Charlotte! what ſhall we do?

Mary. Indeed, Miſs Amiel, I ſhall die with fear!

Charlotte. Well, Sir, ſince you are ſo good as to ſay you will ſend a ſervant with us, (for we can by no means think of giving you the trouble of going yourſelf) we will wait here till you are ſo obliging as to call him —(*The Stranger leaves them to find a ſervant.*)

Sophia. I never was ſo miſerable nor ſo terrified in my whole life! What ſhall we do?

Charlotte. Nay, dear Sophia, we can do nothing now but truſt ourſelves with this ſervant: there can be no great harm, for the houſe does not look as if it belonged to any bad people. It certainly is a beautiful little place; and if I was not aware how improper it is to make acquaintance without the permiſſion of thoſe under whoſe care we are, I ſhould not much ſcruple going in.

The door of the houſe now ſuddenly opened, and two very genteel-looking women appeared at it, attended by a ſervant with a light. They approached the alarmed wanderers; and the elder, addreſſing herſelf to Miſs Amiel, ſaid,

" I under-

"I underſtand it is Miſs Amiel I have the pleaſure of ſpeaking to. Will you allow me to hope my ſolicitations may be better received than my ſon's, and that you will walk in for a moment? The lady then added that her name was Airſley. Charlotte immediately recollected that ſhe had heard the name, and that it was borne by the widow of an admiral who had an houſe on the Foreſt, though ſhe had never happened to have ſeen it before. Their fears of making an improper acquaintance thus at an end, the three young friends, who, between fear and fatigue, were in reality almoſt diſabled from reaching their own home, conſented to accept the hoſpitable invitation. They expreſſed, however, ſo much apprehenſion of the alarm their abſence would occaſion to Mrs. Belmour and Mrs. Boweroak, that, after they had a moment repoſed themſelves, and taken each a ſlight refreſhment, the ſtranger, who was the youngeſt of Mrs. Airſley's ſons, conducted them home. They were, however, introduced to an elder brother, and his wife, a young perſon remarkably beautiful, who, even during the ſhort time they were in the room, attracted much of their attention, though ſhe never ſpoke. As they returned towards home their new acquaintance rallied them as well on their fears as their miſtruſt

miſtruſt of him; which was, ſays he, I own, extremely proper, for my frolic, perhaps, was impertinent and ill-judged.

Charlotte. Your frolic?

Mr. Airſley. Yes; I was rambling about the Foreſt, which is my cuſtom of a fine evening, during the now ſhort and rare receſs I enjoy from the duties of my profeſſion, and I heard you, madam, ſing part of a very favourite air. I was ſo inconſiderate as not to be aware, that my repeating with my clarinet, which I happened to have with me, the laſt notes after the pauſe you made, would rather alarm you, than encourage, what I was eagerly deſirous of hearing, the cloſe of the ſong. I ſoon found that my indiſcretion brought with it its own puniſhment, and that I had terrified you into ſilence. I followed your ſubſequent wanderings through the wood at no great diſtance, and caught now and then a ſentence, which convinced me you had loſt your way, and were at length even under great apprehenſions. I then ventured to ſpeak to you; and I truſt you will not think me too ſelfiſh, when I ſay, that I can hardly regret the little alarm you have ſuffered, if it is the fortunate occaſion of my mother's and Mrs. Edward Airſley's forming an acquaintance ſo deſirable.

Charlotte.

Charlotte. That young lady then with your mother is Mrs. Edward Airſley?

Mr. Airſley. Yes, my brother's wife. Perhaps, if you have very ſtrong national diſlikes, you may object to her ſociety; for ſhe is not an Engliſh woman, nor even a European.

Charlotte. I do not underſtand you, Sir.

Mr. Airſley. My ſiſter-in-law is a Turk.

Sophia. A Turk?—How is that poſſible?

Mr. Airſley. My brother brought her from the Archipelago, with my aſſiſtance. I aſſure you I boaſt a little of my knight-errantry, for the ſervice was ſomewhat perilous.

Charlotte. I ſhould like extremely to hear an account of it.

Mr. Airſley. And I ſhould like vaſtly to give you the account.

Charlotte. Oh! we muſt not attempt it now, for we are already ſo late!—But I am ſure Mrs. Boweroak will be happy to be known to your mother, and we ſhall have ſome other opportunity.

On their arrival at the houſe, the young party found the elder ladies under leſs alarm than they had themſelves apprehended; for, as it was poſſible they had gone to the houſe of a friend, and

Mrs. Boweroak was of a ſanguine temper, and not ſubject to needleſs fears, ſhe had checked the apprehenſions of her friend. Miſs Amiel gave a brief account of the cauſe of their long abſence, without naming the muſician, who had undoubtedly contributed to lead them out of their way. Mr. Airſley, however, was introduced, as having met them in the Foreſt, and kindly conducted them home; and, after a ſhort converſation, Mrs. Belmour diſcovered that his mother was a very old acquaintance, and one whom ſhe ſhould on every account be rejoiced to ſee again.

In conſequence then of this accidental meeting, which they ſoon learned to think extremely fortunate, an intimacy aroſe between the families. The fair Turk was the admiration of all who ſaw her, as well on account of her perſonal beauty, as for the ſweetneſs of her temper and manners, and her tender attachment to her huſband and his family. The ſtory of her departure from her own country her brother-in-law communicated to their new acquaintance, by her permiſſion, in theſe words:

"The fair Zulmine is a native of Circaſſia; ſhe was one of thoſe infants that are bought every year by merchants, who make their fortunes by purchaſing ſlaves the markets of Conſtantinople. She was

was only ſeven years old when ſhe was ſold to Azapheth, a Sadar or Commander of the Janizaries. He was not only a ſoldier, but a man of ſo ſuperior an underſtanding, that he was employed by the Porte to negociate I know not what buſineſs at Zante. There he had been ſome months, when he directed Zelmahide, his favourite, and Zulmine, whom he had hardly yet ſeen, for ſhe had been merely in a courſe of education in his houſe, to be brought to him. My brother, Captain Henry Airſley, was then on his ſecond cruiſe, which he was ordered to continue for ſome months among the iſlands of the Archipelago. It was his fortune to fall in with two large French privateers: one of them he took, and found on board the two ladies of the Sadar, at that time reſident at Zante, whom it was certain their French captors had no inclination to take to the Turk, who expected them. They were, indeed, at the time my brother met them, making the beſt of their way to Marſeilles with their prize.

Zelmahide, who had two infant children with her, would have been in deſpair at the unfortunate ſituation in which ſhe found herſelf, if her dread of the aſcendency Zulmine might acquire over her huſband had not been greater than her fears for the loſs of her liberty, or

even her life. She looked forward to the eſtrangement of Azapheth as certain. She had herſelf been the almoſt unrivalled miſtreſs of his heart for ſix years, but it had never been conteſted by ſo formidable a competitor as Zulmine—Zulmine, who was ſo far from being ſolicitous to make this conqueſt, that ſhe dreaded nothing ſo much as the preſence of a man whom ſhe could not conſider otherwiſe than as her tyrant.

The laſt captor of theſe ladies treated them with the greateſt reſpect, yet did not ſo far yield to the abſurd cuſtoms of their country as to deny himſelf the pleaſure of converſing with them, and Zelmahide ſoon ſaw, that it would be with extreme reluctance Captain Airſley would relinquiſh his fair captive; while Zulmine was by no means inſenſible of the perſonal merits and generous attention of the young Engliſhman. Their voyage drew towards a cloſe; for my brother was under the neceſſity of carrying his prize into Zante, which was then the rendezvous of the ſquadron he belonged to; and Zelmahide, conſcious that there was no time to be loſt, ventured to diſcloſe to Edward her ſentiments. This ſhe did with conſiderable art, endeavouring to prevail upon him to put her and her children on ſhore, and to ſail for England with Zulmine: and it was in vain Edward

ward attempted to convince her, that neither his honour nor the rules of the ſervice would permit him to do this. Zelmahide now reproached and now implored; but honour and duty ſtrongly reſiſted her importunity. The ſilent and modeſt eloquence of the young and lovely Zulmine was infinitely more perſuaſive, and might, perhaps, have been too powerful for every objection, but that it was already known who were on board the Antiopa (my brother's ſhip, in which I was a midſhipman, was ſo called), and the commander of the ſquadron had begun a treaty with Azapheth, for the ranſom of Zelmahide, Zulmine, his two children, and the ſlaves that belonged to them.

Zulmine left the veſſel drowned in tears, to attend Zelmahide, who dreaded her attractions, to the Haram of a man whom ſhe thought of with horror and diſguſt. My brother, the victim of honour, ſaw even the reputation of an honourable action torn from him, and he ſo highly reſented the conduct of his commanding officer, that he determined to take the earlieſt occaſion of calling him to an account.—We were ſoon to leave that port, and, ſoon after, thoſe ſeas. My brother, deſpair and rage in his heart, attempted vainly to conquer the pain he felt, by a more ſedulous application

plication to his duty. He could not bear to go on ſhore, whither I was ſent with a party to procure ſtores for our ſhip. Engaged for two or three days in this occupation, I at length was told by a ſailor, who accompanied me, that a black ſlave had conſtantly followed me whenever I was in the market, and certainly had ſome deſign in it. I feared nothing from ſuch a perſon; and the next day, the man being pointed out to me, I accoſted him. He bade me, in bad French, follow him out of the way of obſervation; and then told me, that he came from Zelmahide, who, if I had courage to hazard it, had found the means, with the conſent of Zulmine, to put her into my hands: there was ſome danger, he ſaid, in the exploit, to thoſe within the Haram, but little to whoever ſhould receive the fair Zulmine without. I heſitated not a moment: I knew my brother's attachment to the beautiful Turk, and how much it had coſt him to relinquiſh her. I cauſed the boat to be ready, which had before been employed in carrying our ſea ſtock on board; and at midnight I was to be under the walls of the houſe inhabited by the Sadar. I was to take with me an European dreſs, and wait, with two men well armed, the ſignal which the black ſlave aſſured me he would give. I was punctual to my appointment,

pointment, with two brave fellows on whom I could depend; and exactly at the time we had agreed upon the ſignal was made, and a door opened not far from us, from which the negro appeared, and beckoned to us to follow him. I doubted, for a moment, whether we were not betrayed to the vengeance of the jealous Sadar: but it was no time for puſillanimous heſitation; we drew our ſabres, and, concealing them, entered the garden. Our guide walked ſilently before us, till we came among a group of cypreſs and cedar trees, ſo thick that no light penetrated among their boughs. Zelmahide and her trembling friend, now no longer her dreaded rival, waited for us. The former aſked eagerly for the clothes we had brought; which having received, and retiring from our ſight with Zulmine, ſhe ſoon returned, and delivered into our care a beautiful boy of thirteen or fourteen, for ſuch Zulmine now appeared. A ſmall packet of her own clothes was then given to one of my men, and Zelmahide hurried from us, imploring us to loſe no time, but to fly as ſilently as we could, and haſten to embark. I know not if her terror, or that of our timid companion, was the greateſt: we regained the door, and haſtened towards our boat; but before we were within hearing of the men whom we had left to guard

guard it, a ſhot was fired after us: and at the ſame moment one of the boat's crew met us, and informed us that a party, whom they knew to be the Sadar's people, waited in conſiderable force to intercept our return.

My trembling charge, who too well underſtood the cauſe of our alarm, was now fainting in my arms. There was not a moment for debate: I knew that a well managed retreat alone could ſave us, and I inſtantly determined upon it. I bade the ſtrongeſt of my attendants take Zulmine in his arms, and we made our way to an houſe of public entertainment which I had been uſed to frequent, where I told the Venetian who kept it, that the young midſhipman, for as ſuch I was deſirous Zulmine ſhould paſs, had been hurt by an accident, and that a few hours repoſe were neceſſary. At the ſame time I related, that the poor boy had diſobliged his commander by a youthful indiſcretion, and that I wiſhed to keep him on ſhore till I could appeaſe my brother's anger. The cunning Italian was not to be ſo impoſed upon: he came to me ſoon after, and ſpoke thus—"Sir, I know that the perſon you would paſs upon me for the junior officer of an Engliſh ſhip is a Turkiſh lady, whom you have ſtolen from the Haram of the Sadar." He ſaw my ſurpriſe and vexation.—"It is no matter,"

matter," continued he, "how I have diſcovered this; I have no intention of betraying you; on the contrary, my natural deteſtation of the Turks would engage me to aſſiſt you, if I had not a great affection for the Engliſh: but there are impediments to your getting your prize ſafe on board, which it will be impoſſible for you to ſurmount without my aſſiſtance."—I found the man wanted money, and I gave him all I had, with promiſes of more. He then convinced me that the danger was by no means imaginary; and, in the true ſpirit of Venetian contrivance, engaged to deliver us from it, and to conduct the lovely fugitive ſafe on board the Antiopa, if I would leave the management of the whole to him.

Accordingly he cauſed a long and large baſket to be brought into his houſe, ſuch as vegetables and fruit are conveyed to market in; and early in the morning poor Zulmine being deprived of her newly-worn uniform, and wrapt in a light dreſs of her own, was depoſited on a bed of leaves within this baſket: ſhe was then covered as lightly as poſſible with vegetables and the whole ſhadowed with boughs of cedar and plantain, as if to ſecure the fruit from the heat of the ſun during their paſſage to the ſhip. Two other baſkets were furniſhed in the ſame way; and then every thing being ready,

my men, and others provided by the Venetian, were directed to carry them to the boats as ſea ſtock for the Engliſh ſhips, which were on the point of leaving the harbour.

The precious cargo contained in the firſt baſket was conſigned to the care of my brave comrades, and I at length ſaw it ſafely depoſited in the boat, though the ſhore was lined with parties of Turks, who were, I knew, the people of the Sadar, and who waited on purpoſe to intercept Zulmine.

Imagine what was my joy to ſee her ſafely on board; yet, even there, great precaution was neceſſary. My brother was at variance with the commodore, and it was certain that he would try to compel him to relinquiſh Zulmine, ſhould he know of her being in the Antiopa. The people, in general, loved their captain with great affection; but to leave as little as poſſible to chance, the ſteward and clerk were let into the ſecret, and Zulmine was conveyed into the captain's cabin in her vegetable cradle, even before her lover knew ſhe was in his ſhip.

It would not be eaſy to deſcribe the mingled emotions which we all felt while the covering, under which the poor fugitive had remained almoſt four hours, was removed. She had ſuffered conſiderably from heat and confinement, but in a few

a few days was perfectly recovered, and reſumed her accuſtomed lovelineſs. My brother and ſhe were united, as ſoon as they arrived at an Engliſh port; and the fair Turk was inſtructed in the Chriſtian religion and ſoon after baptized, though ſtill retaining her former name. They have ſince enjoyed the moſt perfect felicity, during the ſhort intervals of the ſervice which my brother is allowed. About three months ago, he prevailed on my mother to accompany Zulmine, who is now fixed in the cottage of the foreſt, and where our general happineſs (for my mother dotes on her daughter-in-law) can hardly admit of any addition, though our ſhort-lived pleaſures on ſhore will be greatly increaſed by the acquaintance we have now made.

Thus ended Mr. Airſley's little narrative; but the adventure of the young party was the ſubject of ſome days converſation, and of a ſlight reproof.

Julius, who arrived a day or two afterwards to return with them to Southampton, was, of courſe, told of their little night ramble, and the ſtory of the fair Zulmine was related to him. Many queſtions occurred from a ſenſible and intelligent boy, as to the manners ſo different from thoſe of his country, which were repreſented in this ſtory.

Julius.

Julius. I ſhould imagine that a Turk muſt be a very unhappy fellow. What can a man do with himſelf who never reads, or hunts, or has the amuſements ſuch as we have?

Mrs. Belmour. Your inquiry is very natural. They are ſo ſenſible of the tedium of life that they take opiate to obtain a ſort of temporary inſenſibility. Their government, which is deſpotic, does not allow any printing preſſes within its dominion. and of courſe the means that have enlightened the reſt of the world are loſt to them. Their religion teaches them to look with abhorrence on Chriſtians, and I am ſorry to ſay, that, in too many inſtances, Chriſtians act ſo as to juſtify in a great degree their averſion.

Julius. The Arabian Nights are founded on Turkiſh manners—but they are very improbable.

Mrs. Belmour. Many people are highly delighted with thoſe wild hiſtories, but I cannot ſay I could ever admire them. I ſee no moral in them, and what I cannot for a moment believe as a narrative, while it leaves no moral impreſſion on my mind, does not at all intereſt me.

Mary. I don't feel much delight in hearing about pearls as big as eggs, and rubies as big as melons. I think it a great deal more delightful to read hiſtories that

are

are true, or like truth, and deſcriptions reſembling what one ſees every day.

Mrs. Belmour. Such for example as a foreſt, where young ladies loſe themſelves, or meadows with ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes.

Sophia. That puts me in mind of a ſonnet which Charlotte gave me yeſterday.

Mrs. Belmour. What does it relate to?—Can you repeat it?

Sophia. It is addreſſed to the New Foreſt, which is called Sonnet to Ytene.

Mrs. Belmour. Ytene is the name given in the old records to the tract now called the New Foreſt.—But come, let us have the verſes—I ſuppoſe you have Miſs Amiel's leave to read them to your friend?

Sophia. Oh! yes; ſhe told me ſhe had no objection.

SONNET TO THE FOREST YTENE.

Along thy wood-lanes wild, or ſhrubby lawns,
Or hollow dells, or glens befringed with thorn;
Where from its ferny lair, at early morn,
The foreſter alarms the timid fawn,
I would 'twere mine to wander;—or when fade
The gleams of evening into ſhadowy night:
What time on many a ſtem or graſſy blade
The glow-worm hangs her fairy emerald light,
I would behold the moon-beams fall among
The far retiring trees, and lengthening glades,
And liſten the low wind, that thro' the ſhades
Conveys the night bird's ſoft love-laboured ſong:

For

For here the ſoul unruffled feels its powers,
And ſeeks the Hermit Peace within his foreſt bowers.

After the family of Mr. Airſley left the neighbourhood of Southampton, the beautiful and amiable Zulmine was happy to ſupply the deficiencies of her education by frequent viſits to the ſtudious circle at Mrs. Belmour's; and thoſe who compoſed it, were in their turn delighted to hear from her accounts of the people and places ſhe had ſeen, ſo unlike what they had been accuſtomed to; while the mildneſs of her manners and the ſoftneſs of her heart ſeemed to convince them that ſenſe and goodneſs may be the product of every part of the world. About two years after their ramble in the foreſt had ſo unexpectedly enlarged their acquaintance, Miſs Amiel was married to Mr. Charles Airſley, then made a commander; and Sophia, frequently a viſitor, delighted to talk over the circumſtances of their firſt accidental meeting.

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Explanation

Explanation of the Plants named in the verſes, p. 73, 74, and 75.

Engliſh Names.	*Botanic Names.*
I.	
Snowdrop.	Galanthus.
Primroſe.	Primula vulgaris.
Cuckoo Pint, or Lords and Ladies.	Arum.
Violet.	Viola odorata.
II.	
Wood Anemone.	Anemone nemoroſa.
Wood Sorrel.	Oxalis.
Cowſlip.	Primula veris major.
III.	
White Thorn or May.	Cratægus.
Water Violet.	Hottonia.
Buck Bean or Bog Bean.	Menyanthus.
Harebell.	Hyacinth non ſcriptus.
Lily of the Valley.	Convallaria.
Periwinkle.	Vinca,
Fly and Bee Orchis.	Orchis or Ophrys infectifera, and Orchis Adrachnites.
IV.	
Woodbine.	Lonicera.
Wild Roſe.	Roſa canina, Dog Roſe.
Dog Roſe and Brier Roſe.	Roſa Eglanteria, Sweet Brier.

Virgin's

Engliſh Names.	*Botanic Names.*
V.	
Virgin's Bower, or Traveller's Joy.	Clematis.
Fox Glove.	Digitalis.
Moth Mullein.	Verbaſcum Thapſus.
VI.	
Yellow Lady's Bedſtraw.	Galium verum.
VII.	
Willow Herb.	Epilobium hirſutum.
Reed.	Arundo.
White Water-Lily.	Nymphea alba.
Yellow Water-Lily.	Nymphea lutea.
Common Blue Bottle.	Cyanus Segetum.
Common Poppy.	Papaver.

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